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Poetry.

THE LIQUOR LICENSE.

BY MRS. S. ANNA GORDON.

What's the price of the license? How much is to pay?
The price of men's souls in the market to-day?
The right to make drunk, defame and destroy
The gray hairs of manhood and innocent boy—
How much is to pay?

How much is to pay? Compare with your gold
The crimes God forbids; then make it ten fold,
And ca'l it high license—put the price of sin high—
A license through which souls and bodies must die—
What price is to pay?

How much is to pay? How commuted, you say?
Men are stock in the market you bid on to-day.
Would you rob them of reason and criminals make?
And for that which you've licensed men incarcerate
With their gold to pay?

How much is to pay? count the price of your home—
Of the tears that are shed in its pitiful gloam;
Of the happiness lost on the ballot you gave,
When you voted a license that made man a slave.
What price did you pay?

How much is to pay? What is the price of her life
Whom your children call mother, and whom you called wife,
That cord of her grief, heart-broken alway,
That her home must be taxed for its bread day by day
The license to pay?

The license makes drunkards—stop, fathers, and think—
Was it your vote that licensed your own sons to drink?
Count the measure you meted your neighbor that day,
To be meted you back in God's own time and way.
'Tis a debt you must pay.

How much is to pay? Count the price of one soul,
Multiplied by the names on eternity's scroll,
Of those who've gone down in their strength and their pride—
Then add those who through them have suffered and died—
How much did you say?

How much is to pay? You can count out your gold,
But the price to be paid time never has told.
All have claims on your soul whom your license did win—
Though your name men call white, as scarlet your sin,
The atonement must pay.

Hannibal, Mo.

A CULPRIT.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly turning her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: "Will you please explain
What your heads are doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

"When I think of your bringing-up—my care,
My scrupulous care—and it's come to this! You
Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a young man KISS you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!

"Are you going to tell me what he said
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling.
So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
Don't go as if you were stifling!"

Her voice was shaken—of course, with fear:
"He said—he said, 'Will you have me, Jane?'
And I said I would. But, indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again!"

Our Story Teller.

A MERE INTERLUDE.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE," "TRUMPET MAJOR," "TWO ON A TOWER," ETC., ETC.

I.

It was often said, and oftener surmised, that Baptista Trewthen was a young woman with scarcely emotions or character. There was nothing in her to love, and nothing to hate—so ran the general opinion. That she showed few positive qualities was true. The colors and tones which changing events paint on the faces of active womankind were looked for in vain upon hers. But still waters may run deep; and no crisis had come in the years of her early maidenhood to demonstrate what lay hidden within her, like metal in a mine.

She was the daughter of a small farmer in St. Mary's, one of the Scilly Isles, who had spent a large sum, as it was there understood, on her education, by sending her to the mainland for two years. At 19 she was entered at the Training College for elementary teachers, and at 21 nominated to a school in the country, near Exeter, whither she proceeded after the Christmas examination and holidays.

The months passed by from winter to spring and summer, and Baptista applied herself to her new duties as best she could, till an uneventful year had elapsed. Then an air of abstraction pervaded her bearing as she walked to and fro, twice a day, and she showed the traits of a person who had something on her mind. A widow, by name Mrs. Wace, in whose house Baptista Trewthen had been provided with a sitting-room, and bedroom till the schoolhouse should be built, noticed this change in her youthful tenant's manner, and at last ventured to press her with a few questions.

"It has nothing to do with the place, nor with you," said Miss Trewthen.

"Then it is the salary?"

"No, nor the salary."

"Then it is something you have heard from home, my dear."

Baptista was silent for a few moments. "It is Mr. Heddegan," she murmured. "Him they used to call David Heddegan before he got his money."

"And who is the Mr. Heddegan they used to call David?"

"An old bachelor at Hugh Town, St. Mary's, with no relations whatever, who lives about a stone's throw from father's. When I was a child he used to take me on his knee and say he'd marry me some day. Now I am a woman the joke has turned earnest, and he is anxious to do it, and father and mother say say I can't do better than have him."

"He's well off?"

"Yes, he's the richest man we know—as a friend and neighbor."

"How much older did you say he was than yourself?"

"I didn't say. Twenty years at least."

"And an unpleasant man in the bargain, perhaps?"

"No—he's not unpleasant."

"Well, child, all I can say is that I'd resist any such engagement if its not palatable to ye. You are comfortable here, in my little house, I hope. All the parish like ye; and I've never been so cheerful since my poor husband left me to wear his wings and I've been with ye as my lodger."

The schoolmistress assured her landlady that she could return the sentiment. "But here comes my perplexity," she said. "I don't like keeping school. Ah, you are surprised—you didn't suspect it. That's because I've concealed my feeling. Well, I simply hate schools. I don't care for children—they are unpleasant, troublesome little things, whom nothing would delight so much as to hear that you had fallen down dead. Yet I could even put up with them if it was not for the inspector. For three months before his visit I didn't sleep soundly. And the committee of Council are always changing the code, so that you don't know what to teach, and what to leave untaught. I think father and mother are right. They say I shall never excel as a schoolmistress if I dislike the work so, and that therefore I ought to get settled by marrying Mr. Heddegan. Between us two, I like him better than school, but I don't like him quite so much as to wish to marry him."

The conversations, once began, were continued from day to day; till at length the young girl's elderly friend and landlady threw in her opinion on the side of Miss Trewthen's parents. All things considered, she declared, the uncertainty of the school, the labor, Baptista's natural dislike for teaching, it would be as well to take what fate offered, and make the best of matters by wedding her father's old neighbor and prosperous friend.

The Easter holidays came round, and Baptista went to spend them as usual in her native isle, going by train as far as she could and crossing by packet from Penzance. When she returned in the middle of April her face wore a more settled aspect, and she announced indifferently that she was going to marry Mr. Heddegan in August.

Mrs. Wace commended her; but Baptista did not care to dwell on the subject; so that allusion to it was very infrequent between them. Nevertheless, among other things, she repeated to the widow from time to time in monosyllabic remarks that the wedding was really impending; that it was arranged for the summer, and that she had given notice of leaving the school at the August holidays. Later on she announced more specifically that her marriage was to take place immediately after her return home at the beginning of the month aforesaid.

She now corresponds regularly with Mr. Heddegan. Her letters from him were seen, at least on the outside, and in part within, by Mrs. Wace. Had she read more of their interiors than the occasional sentences shown her by Baptista, she would have perceived that the scratchy, rusty handwriting of Miss Trewthen's betrothed conveyed little more matter than details of their future housekeeping, and his preparations for the same, with innumerable "my dears" sprinkled in disconnectedly, to show the depth of his affection without the inconvenience of syntax.

II.

It was the end of July. Baptista's boxes were packed, and one Saturday morning she departed by a wagonette to the station, and thence by train to Penzance, from which port she was, as usual, to cross the water immediately to her home and become Mr. Heddegan's wife on the Wednesday of the week following.

In due time, after a hot and tedious journey, she reached Penzance. She here obtained some refreshment, and then went towards the pier, where she learned to her surprise that the little steamboat plying between the town and the islands had left at 11 o'clock.

This being Saturday, there was now no other boat till Tuesday, and it became obvious that here she would have to remain for the three days, unless her friends should think fit to rig out one of the island sailing boats and come to fetch her—a not very likely contingency, the sea distance being nearly 40 miles.

The question now was, should she return again to Mrs. Wace, in the Devonshire village, or wait in the town at which she had arrived. She would have preferred to go back, but the distance was too great; moreover having left the place for good, and somewhat dramatically, to become a bride, a return, even for so short a space, would have been a trifle humiliating. Leaving, then, her boxes at the station, her next anxiety was to secure a respectable, or rather genteel, lodging in the popular seaside resort confronting her. To this end she looked about the town in which, though she had passed through it half a dozen times, she was practically a stranger.

Baptista found a room to suit her over a fruiterer's shop, where she made herself at home and set herself in order after her journey. An early cup of tea having revived her spirits, she walked out to reconnoitre.

From the more picturesque walks the she went to Barbican street, and the pier, and the harbor and looked at the men at work there, loading and unloading as in the time of the Phœnicians.

"Not Baptista? Yes, Baptista it is!"

The words were uttered behind her. Turning round she gave a start and became confused, even agitated for a moment. Then she said in her usual undemonstrative manner, "Oh—is it really you, Charles?"

Without speaking again at once, and with a half smile, the new comer glanced her over. There was much criticism and some amusement—even temper—in his eye.

"I am going home," continued she. "But I have missed the boat."

He scarcely seemed to take in the meaning of this explanation in the intensity of his critical survey. "Teaching still? What a fine schoolmistress you make, Baptista, I warrant!" he said, with a slight flavor of sarcasm, which was not lost upon her.

"I know I am nothing to brag of," she replied. "That's why I have given up."

"Oh—given up?" You astonish me."

"I hate the profession."

"Perhaps that is because I am in it."

"Oh, no, it isn't. But I am going to enter on another life altogether. I am going to be married next week to Mr. David Heddegan."

The young man, fortified as he was by a natural cynical pride and passionateness, winced at this unexpected reply, notwithstanding.

"Who is Mr. David Heddegan?" he asked, as indifferently as it lay in his power.

She informed him that the bearer of the name was a general merchant of Hugh Town, St. Mary's Island, her fathers nearest neighbor and oldest friend.

"Then we shan't see any more of you on the mainland?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Miss Trewthen.

"Here endeth the career of the belle of the boarding-school your father was foolish enough to send you to. A general merchant's wife in Scilly. Will you sell pounds of soap and penny-worths of tin tacks, or whole bars of sponaceous matter and great tenpenny nails?"

"He's not in such a small way as that!" she almost pleaded. "He owns ships, though they are rather little ones!"

"Oh, well, it is much the same. Come, let us walk on; it is tedious to stand still. I thought you would be a failure in education," he continued, when she obeyed him and strolled ahead. "You never showed power that way. You remind me much of some of those women who think they are sure to be great actresses if they go on the stage, because they have a pretty face, and forget that what we require is acting. But you found your mistake, didn't you?"

"Don't taunt me, Charles." It was noticeable that the young schoolmaster's tone caused her no anger or retaliatory passion; far otherwise; there was a tear in her eye. "How is it you are at Penzance?" she inquired.

"I don't taunt you. I speak the truth, purely in a friendly way, as I should to anyone I wished well. Though for that matter I might have some excuse even for taunting you. Such a terrible hurry as you've been in. I hate a woman who is in such a hurry."

"How do you mean that?"

"Why—to be somebody's wife or other—anything's wife rather than nobody's. You couldn't wait for me, oh, no. Well, thank God I'm cured of all that!"

"How merciless you are!" she said bitterly. "Wait for you? What does that mean, Charley? You never showed—anything to wait for—anything special toward me."

"O come, Baptista; come!"

"What I mean is, nothing definite," she expostulated. "I supposed you liked me a little, but it seemed to me to be only a pastime on your part, and that you never meant to make an honorable engagement of it."

"There, that's just it! You girls expect a man to mean business at the first look. No man, when he first becomes interested in a woman, has any definite scheme of engagement to marry her in his mind, unless he is meaning a vulgar mercenary marriage. However, I *did* at last mean an honorable engagement, as you call it, come to that."

"But you never said so, and an indefinite courtship soon injures a woman's position and credit—sooner than you think."

"Baptista, I solemnly declare that in six months I should have asked you to marry me."

She walked along in silence, looking on the ground and appearing very uncomfortable. Presently he said, "Would you have waited for me if you had known?" To this she whispered in a sorrowful whisper, "Yes!"

They went still further in silence—passing along one of the beautiful walks on the outskirts of the town, yet not observant of scene or situation. Her shoulder and his were close together, and he clasped his fingers around the small of her arm—quite lightly, and without any attempt at impetus; yet the act seemed to say, "Now I hold you, and my will must be yours."

Recurring to a previous question of hers, he said: "I have merely run down here for a day or two from school near Truro, before going off to the North for the rest of my holiday. I have seen my relations at Redruth quite lately, so I am not going there this time. How little I thought of meeting you! How very different the circumstances would have been if, instead of parting again, as we must in half an hour or so, possibly forever, you had been now just going off with me as my wife on our honeymoon trip. Ha—ha—well—so humorous is life!"

She stopped suddenly. "I must go back now—this is altogether too painful, Charley. It is not at all a kind mood you are in to-day."

"I do not want to pain you—you know I do not," he said more gently. "Only it just exasperates me—this you are going to do. I wish you would not."

"What?"

"Marry him! There, now I have showed you my true sentiments."

"I must do it now," said she.

"Why?" he asked, dropping the offhand, masterful tone he had hitherto spoken in, and becoming earnest, still holding her arm, however, as if she were his chattel, to be taken up or put down at will. "It is never too late to break off a marriage that's distasteful to you. Now I'll say one thing, and it is truth: I wish you would marry me instead of him, even now, at the last moment, though you have served me so badly."

"Oh, it is not possible to think of that!" she answered hastily, shaking her head. "When I get home all will be prepared—it is ready even now—the things for the party, the furniture, Mr. Heddegan's new suit, and everything. I should require the courage of a tropical lion to go home there and say I wouldn't carry out my promise."

"Then go, in Heaven's name! But there would be no necessity for you to go home and face them in that way. If we were to marry, it would have to be at once, instantly; or not at all. I should think your affection not worth the having unless you to come back with me to Truro this evening, where we could be married by license on Monday morning. And then Mr. David Heddegan or anybody else could get you away from me."

"I must go home by the Tuesday boat," she faltered. "What would they think if I did not come?"

"You could go home by that boat just the same. All the difference would be that I should go with you. You could leave me on the quay, where I'd have a smoke, while you went and saw your father and mother privately; you could then tell them what you had done, and that I was waiting not far off; that I was a schoolmaster in a fairly good position, and a young man young man you had known when you were at the Training College. Then I would come boldly forward; and they would see that it could not be altered, and so you wouldn't suffer a lifelong misery by being the wife of a wretched old gaffer you don't like at all. Now, honestly; you do like me best, don't you, Baptista?"

"Yes."

"Then we will do as I say."

She did not pronounce a clear affirmative.

But that she consented to the novel proposition at some moment or other of that walk was apparent by what occurred a little later.

III.

An enterprise of such pith required, indeed, less talking than consideration. The first thing they did in carrying it out was to return to the railway station, where Baptista took from her luggage a small trunk of immediate necessaries which she would in any case have required after missing the boat. That same afternoon they traveled up the line to Truro.

Charles Stow (as his name was), despite his disdaintul indifference to things, was very careful of appearances, and made the journey independently of her, though in the same train. He told her where she could get board and lodgings in the city; and with merely a distant nod to her of a provisional kind, went off to his own quarters, and to see about the license.

On Sunday she saw him in the morning across the nave of the pro-cathedral. In the afternoon they walked together in the fields, where he told her that the license would be ready next day, and would be available the day after, when the ceremony could be performed as early after 8 o'clock as they should choose. His courtship, thus renewed after an interval of two years, was as impetuous, violent even, as it was short. The next day came and passed and the final arrangements were made. Their agreement to get the ceremony over as soon as they could the next morning, so as to go on to Penzance at once, and reach that place in time for the boat's departure the same day. It was in obedience to Baptista's earnest request that Stow consented thus to make the whole journey to Scilly by land and water at one heat and not break it at Penzance; she seemed to be oppressed with a dread of lingering anywhere, this great first act of disobedience to her parents once accomplished, with the weight on her mind that her home had to be convulsed by the disclosure of it. To face her difficulties over the water immediately she had created them was, however, a course mere desired by Baptista than by her lover; though for once he gave way.

The next morning was bright and warm as those which had preceded it. By 6 o'clock it seemed nearly noon, as is often the case in that part of England in the summer season. By nine they were husband and wife. They packed up and departed by the earliest train after the service; and on the way discussed at length what she should say on meeting her parents, Charley dictating the turn of each phrase. In their anxiety they had traveled so easily that when they reached Penzance they found there were nearly two hours on their hands before the steamer's time of sailing.

Baptista was extremely reluctant to be seen promenading the streets of the watering-place with her husband till, as above stated, the household at Hugh Town should know the unexpected course of events from her own lips; and it was just possible, if not likely, that some Scillonian might be prowling about there, or even have come across the sea to look for her. So, instead of looking at the shops and harbor, they went along the coast a little way.

The heat of the morning was by this time intense. They clambered up on some cliffs, and while sitting there, looking around at St. Michael's Mount and other objects, Charles said to her that he thought he would run down to the beach at their feet, and take just one plunge into the sea.

Baptista did not much like the idea of being left alone; it was gloomy, she said; but he assured her he would not be gone more than a quarter of an hour at the outside, and she passively assented.

Down he went, disappeared, appeared again, and looked back. Then he again proceeded, and vanished, till, as a small waxen object, she saw him emerge from the nook that had screened him, cross the white fringe of foam, and walk into the undulating mass of blue. Once in the water he seemed less inclined to hurry than before; he remained a long time; and, unable either to appreciate his skill or criticise his want of it at that distance, she withdrew her eyes from the spot, and gazed at the still outline of St. Michael's—now beautifully toned in gray.

Her anxiety for the hour of departure, and to cope at once with the approaching incidents that she would have to manipulate as best she could, sent her into a reverie. It was now Tuesday; she would reach home in the evening—a very late time they would say; but, as the delay was a pure accident, they would deem her marriage to Mr. Heddegan to morrow still practicable. Then Charles would ahve to be produced from the background. It was a terrible undertaking to think of, and she almost regretted her temerity in wedding so hastily that morning. The rage of her father would be so crushing; the reproaches of her mother so bitter; and perhaps Charles would answer hotly, and perhaps cause estrangement till death.

This brought her to the present, and she turned from the outline of St. Michael's Mount to look up for her husband's form. He was, as far as she could discover, no longer in the sea. Then he was dressing. By moving a few steps she could see where his clothes lay. But Charles was not beside them.

Baptista looked back again at the water in bewilderment, as if her senses were the victim of some slight of hand. Not a speck or spot resembling a man's head or face showed anywhere. By this time she was alarmed, and her alarm intensified when she perceived a little beyond the scene of her husband's bathing a small area of water, the quality of whose surface differed from that of the surrounding expanse as the coarse vegetation of some foul patch in a mead differs from the fine green of the remainder. Elsewhere it looked flexuous, here it looked vermiculated and lumpy, and her marine experiences suggested to her in a moment that two currents met and caused a turmoil at this place.

She descended as haftily as her trembling limbs would allow. The way down was terribly long, and before reaching the heap of clothes it occurred to her that, after all, it would be best to run first for help. Hastening along in a lateral direction, she proceeded inland till she met a man, and soon afterwards two others. To them she exclaimed: "I think a gentleman who was bathing is in some danger. I cannot see him as I could. Will you please run and help him at once, if you will be so kind?"

She did not think of turning to show them the exact spot, indicating it vaguely by the direction of her hand, and still going on her way with the idea of gaining more assistance. When she deemed, in her faintness, that she had carried the alarm far enough, she faced about and dragged herself back again. Before reaching the now dreaded spot she met one of the men.

"We can see nothing at all, Miss," he declared.

Having gained the beach, she found the tide in, and no sign of Charley's clothes. The other men whom she had besought to come had disappeared, it must have been in some other direction, for she had not met them going away. They, finding nothing, had probably thought her alarm a mere conjecture, and given up the quest.

Baptista sank down upon the stones near at hand. Where Charley had undressed was now sea. There could not be the least doubt that he was drowned, and his body sucked under by the current; while his clothes, lying within high water mark, had probably been carried away by the rising tide.

She remained in a stupor for some minutes, till a strange sensation succeeded the aforesaid perceptions, mystifying her intelligence and leaving her physically almost inert. With his personal disappearance, the last three days of her life with him seemed to be swallowed up, also his image, in her mind's eye, waned curiously, receded far away, grew stranger and stranger, less and less real. Their meeting and marriage had been so sudden, unpremeditated, adventurous, that she could hardly believe that she had played her part in such a reckless drama. Of all the few hours of her life with Charles, the portion that most insisted in coming back to memory was their fortuitous encounter on the previous Saturday, and those bitter reprimands with which he had begun the attack, as it might be called, which had piqued her to an unexpected consummation.

A sort of cruelty, an imperiousness, even in his warmth, had characterized Charles Stow. As a lover he had ever been a bit of a tyrant, and it might pretty truly have been said that he had stung her into marriage with him at last. Still more alien from her life did these reflections operate to make him, and then they would be chased away by an interval of passionate weeping and mad regret. Finally, there returned upon the confused mind of the young wife the recollection that she was on her way homeward, and that the packet would sail in three-quarters of an hour.

Except the parasol in her hand, all she possessed was at the station awaiting her outward journey.

She looked in that direction, and, entering one of these undemonstrative phases so common with her, walked quietly on.

At first she made stratght for the railway; but, suddenly turning, she went to a shop and wrote an anonymous line announcing his death by drowning to the only person she had ever heard Charles mention as a relative. Posting this stealthily, and with a fearful look around her, she seemed to acquire a terror of the late events, pursuing her way to the station as if pursued by a spectre.

When she got to the office she asked for the luggage that she had left there on the Saturday, as well as the trunk left on the morning just lapsed. All were put in the boat, and she herself followed. By 6 o'clock it seemed nearly noon, as is often the case in that part of England in the summer season. By nine they were ere she had come to any definite conclusion on her course.

Just before the bell rang she heard a conversation on the pier which removed the last shade of doubt from her mind, if any had existed, that she was Charles Stow's widow. The sentences were but fragmentary, but she could easily piece them out.

"A man drowned—swam out too far—was a stranger to the place—people in boat—saw him go down—couldn't get there in time."

The news was little more definite than this as yet, though it may as well be stated once for all that the statement was true. Charley, with the over-confidence of his nature, had ventured out too far for his strength, and succumbed in the absence of assistance, his lifeless body being at that moment suspended in the transparent mid-depths of the bay,

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

SALLY ANN JONES PAPERS.

Reminiscences of Farm Life—No. 7—What Came of Jeremiah's Trading Horses With a Peddler.

If there is anything on earth that I hate worse than a picnic, it is a peddler. My dislike to peddlers was caused by a clock peddler who used to infest our part of the country. He drove around over the country in a one-horse wagon filled with clocks. This vehicle was drawn by a horse that from his shaggy appearance his owner called him Shellbark. And he certainly did very much resemble a shellbark hickory. He was the ugliest horse I ever saw. By some misfortune he had lost part of his tail. His mane looked like it had been chewed by the cows, and his hair was dropping off in patches all over him. He and the peddler, whose name was Snyder, were a well-matched pair.

We had a fine-looking horse by the name of Prince, but he had one fault that was awful aggravating. When he was once turned loose, it was almost impossible to catch him.

One morning Jeremiah was in a hurry to go somewhere, and Prince somehow got out of the stable into a ten acre pasture. Jeremiah had a terrible time to catch him, and got awfully out of temper. He declared he would trade Prince off the first chance he could get. He had often made the same threat, so I paid no attention to it. That same day in the afternoon, however, when I went out to the barn to set a hen, I saw Shellbark in our stable. I looked around for Snyder's wagon, but could see no sign of it anywhere. I inquired what it meant, and found that Jeremiah had actually gone and traded Prince for that horrid looking brute. I attempted to reason the case with Jeremiah by telling him that he had acted like an idiot.

Says he, "Sally Ann, if you want to trade a goose for a duck, you can do it, and I'll say nothing about it, for it's not my affair, and when I want to trade horses, you may just as well hold your tongue; I'll do as I please about it, for its none of your business."

The next Sunday after the horse trade was our quarterly meeting time, and at 8 o'clock in the morning we started to the chapel so as to be in time for love feast. It is five miles from our house to the chapel, and about half way is a good sized creek with a bridge over it. At that time Jacob was eight years old and David six. We took the two boys and went to meeting in the wagon. When we arrived at the bridge, Shellbark objected to crossing it. Jeremiah coaxed and scolded and whipped and worried for more than an hour before we could get across the bridge, and when we got to the chapel love feast was over. It was just as well that it was over. Neither of us felt very loving, anyway.

Jeremiah was so troubled, and I was so well pleased about the way that horse had performed, that I guess neither of us was much benefited by the presiding elder's sermon.

Brother Shelton, the richest merchant of Jonesville, was there in his fine carriage with his family. He had told Jeremiah the week before, that they were going to our house for dinner, so, of course, we had to invite them to go home with us. It looked like rain, so I gave Sister Shelton the key to the door, and told them to drive on, and just go in and make themselves at home till we got there. Brother and sister Helen had come from Jonesville in a carriage with some other folks and they wanted to go home with us in our wagon and come back with us to night meeting.

Jeremiah remarked that he believed the road by the ford was better than the one over the bridge, so to the ford we went. Just as we reached the middle of the creek, Shellbark stopped and would not budge another inch. The water was nearly up to the wagon-bed. For half an hour we kept our seats in the wagon trying to prevail on the ugly brute to start, but start he wouldn't. There came up a thunder shower, and the rain just poured down. I had on a beautiful new pink lawn dress and a splendid sky scraper bonnet made of white Swiss muslin, and trimmed with a wreath of red and yellow flowers and green leaves. Sister Allen had on a brown silk dress, I have forgotten what kind of a bonnet she had on before the rain, but I remember that it looked awful afterward.

"Jeremiah," says I, "it wouldn't be any of my business if you were to trade that horse for one that wouldn't balk, wouldn't you like to do it." Jeremiah used real wicked words when he answered me, and that was the first and only time that I really heard him swear. Finally he saw that Shellbark was determined not to pull the wagon any further, so he got out of the wagon into the creek, and unhitched the horses, Jeremiah mounted Shellback barebacked, took Jacob in front of him and me behind him, while Brother and Sister Allen and David took like positions on the other horse, and we set sail for home.

A Remarkable Case in Surgery.

An accident so remarkable occurred in Baltimore a few days ago to a leading merchant that it has no recorded parallel in civil surgery, and but few in military experience. The patient had been playing and romping with his children. After he had sat down to rest to his amazement he found that he could not place his back close to that of the chair. Finding no apparent cause in the chair for this obstruction he requested his wife to examine his back, and to her horror she discovered a hideous protuberance in the region of his right shoulder blade quite six inches beyond the back and adherent to it. He at once repaired to his physician, Dr. C. Coleman Benson, on Pearl street, who recognized the the lesion as displacement of the inferior angle of the scapula by rupture of the superior fibers the latissimus dorsi muscle, and quickly reduced the dislocation so as to alleviate the excessive pain and distortion in the shoulder and arms. Appropriate bandages have been applied, and the case is progressing most favorably.

Girls' Photographs.

By the way, what is much more interesting than to look over a family album and compare the pictures made in childhood with those in later years. Some people have started collections of photographs showing their friends from earliest infancy up to date. The collections are unique, but hard to make. Young ladies don't fancy the idea of giving up for public gaze pictures made of them in short dresses, in the years of fat and chubby girlhood.

Humor.

SOME AMERICANS ABROAD.

Why the Hotel Put Up the Sign, "No Americans Will be Received."

There is in London a quiet little hotel which is not generally known by travelers, being frequented only by the highest class of titled Englishmen and foreign noblemen. A few very wealthy Americans who had found out that it was exclusive and costly tried occasionally to gain admission.

About a year ago, two lads of 16, dressed in the height of fashion, a faint down on their lips, sat in the drawing-room of this house before the fire, their hats on, their legs stretched out at full length, whistling in concert. They were the sons of a merchant prince of New York, and of a Chicago man who had gained a great fortune by mining speculations, and accordingly looked down on the world from a lofty height. A gray, bent old gentleman came in, wrapped in an old-fashioned traveling shawl, something the worse for wear. He stopped, looked at the fire, and waited for the youthful occupiers of the best places to rise. The boys stared at him, stretched their legs a little further across the hearth, and whistled more loudly than before. The old gentleman sat down in a corner.

"It's a cold day outside, mother!" said one of the young boors loudly, and they both laughed. A moment or two later a feeble old lady entered. They still remained seated, but eyed her quizzically as she sat down by her husband. She wore thick, broad-soled shoes, a traveling dress, and a bonnet of the fashion of two years ago.

The lads giggled. "Ah, there!" said one.

"Now there!" responded the other.

The first whistled, "The monkey married the baboon's sister."

"Where's *your* sister this morning, Bob?" interrupted his companion.

"Busy with dressmakers, I guess. She's going to be presented to Vicky next week."

"Yes? She's a stunner. She'll lay over these English women, I guess."

A servant entered, and delivered a message to the old gentleman, who with his wife left the room.

"Ah, there!" one young man said, willing to repeat a fine bit of wit. The servant turned to him aghast.

"That is his grace the Duke of——," naming one of the oldest houses in England. The young men, who were of that class of Americans who grovel before rank, sat dumb for a moment, and then muttering that it "was a cold day indeed," went out. The next day the hotel at which this scene occurred issued a notice, "No Americans will be received." This notice is publicly given by some of the best hotels in England, and naturally affords much offence to travellers from this country. Our story may partially explain the reason for it.

Anxious to Lose a Leg.

An Atlanta *Constitution* reporter walked to a cell door at the station-house last night and called a boy to the door. Henry Austin is a small, 10-year old shoeshiner. He eats, sleeps, and works on the streets, and as far as everybody has known heretofore has no kith or kin. He was crying pitcously when he pushed his nose through the iron bars.

"What's the trouble, Henry?" asked the reporter.

"I want to go home. Ma's sick and ain't got any one to wait on her."

"What are you in for?"

"I ain't done nothing. A policeman arrested me 'cause I was riding on the Central road passenger train."

"But didn't you tell Mr. Buchanan that you wanted a leg cut off?"

"Yes, sir. I told him that."

"Why do you want a leg cut off?"

"'Cause I wants money. Ma's sick, and I can't get work. Didn't Jim Brooks, the bootblack, get $1,500 when the train cut his leg off? Yes, he did; Mr. Hoke Smith got it for him. And then didn't Lem White get nearly as much for losing a leg, too? I just thought if the train would cut one of my legs off Mr. Hoke Smith could get $5,000 for me, too. I didn't know that it's anybody's business if I want to have a leg cut off, and they just arrested me for nothing."

"If you wanted to lose a leg that bad why didn't you lay down and let the train run over you? Why did you jump off and on?"

"Oh, no, boss; that would never have done. If I'd laid down and let the train run over me on purpose, I'd get no money. But if it hed been an accident I'd a got something."

A New Silver Piece.

A good joke was played on two or three reporters at the Brooklyn county treasurer's office a day or two ago. The scarcity of small bills at the United States sub-treasury and in actual circulation, the comparatively scarcity of silver money, and other matters of a like nature, were dwelt upon by Assistant-Treasurer Gardner and his clerks.

"It's a good thing for the country," said Mr. Edwin S. Bogart, "that the new silver pieces have been coined."

"What silver pieces—how coined—when—where—let's see them?" almost screamed the anxious newsgatherers.

"Why, three pieces to a dollar. Haven't you seen them?" was the reply.

"No, let's see them," and the three reporters pushed toward the safe.

"Let these gentlemen see the three silver pieces to a dollar?" Mr. Gardner was requested.

He exhibited two quarters and a half of a dollar, and three reporters rushed for the door.

A Maple Syrup Fit of Economy.

A New York merchant, residing on Hancock street, Brooklyn, although a gentleman of comfortable means, has frequent economical fits. Desiring to surprise his wife upon her return from the country, Mr. —— concluded to undertake the task of varnishing his dining-room, which had lost some of its luster. After devoting some time to searching for a pot of varnish which had been used on previous occasions, the merchant, coatless and with rolled-up sleeves, commenced the job, which, after a labor of over eight hours, he finished to his entire satisfaction. The following morning he rose early, and his first mission was to examine his work. Greatly to his surprise he found that the "varnish" had not dried a particle, although both doors and windows had been left open. A closer examination disclosed the fact that he had not found the pot of varnish, and had varnished his dining-room with maple syrup. This is a true incident, in which the facts are exactly as here related.

She Prepared for Rough Weather.

Fashionable daughter (preparing to go out)—"What are the weather probabilities for to day, mamma?"

Mamma (looking over the paper)—"High easterly winds, with local rains."

Fashionable daughter (to maid)—"Jane, you may get out my striped silk stockings and kid shoes."

This is Not Bad.

Said Wyndbag, who is much given to sounding his own trumpet, "I don't like he way Jones has been talking about me, nd if I meet him, he'd better look out. You know it is a word and a blow with me." Said Fogg, demurely, "Doesn't that remark of yours partake somewhat of pleonasm?"

WHY MR. MAPLESUGAR TRAVELED.

A Grief-stricken Parent Who Drew the Line at Elizabeth Ann.

"My dear Mr. Mildmanner," said young Mr. Maplesugar, in a low and painfully agitated tone of voice. "You cannot have been blind to my tender attentions to your lovely daughter, and I—ahem—I am come—ahem—that is I would—ahem—"

"Ahem no more, young man," answered Mr. Mildmanner, turning away for a moment to hide his grief; "I well know what you would say. You would wed Elizabeth Ann."

"You have fathomed the desires of my heart, my dear Mr. Mildmanner, but do not be distressed; do not shed those tears; do not grieve for fear that you are to be robbed of a beloved daughter. Though I have never been a parent myself, I can well imagine a parent's feelings at such a time as this, and I would not take from the paternal nest its brightest jewel. Elizabeth Ann and I will wed and live with you."

"Young man"—and Mr. Medmanner looked straight at young Mr. Maplesugar with a pair of tear-dimmed, but penetrating eyes—"you have not correctly interpreted my grief; you have not arrived at a knowledge of the cause of my momentary agitation. It is not so much that I fear to bring another son-in-law to the parent nest that these tears are shed. List a moment to my plaint, my fair young flower: A year or more ago, when the autumn leaves were falling, Maria Jane and a blushing husband were domiciled in our midst, and they are with us still. At Christmastide Helen Victoria brought home a fragile plant in trousers, who settled down to share our joys, our sorrows and our buckwheat cakes. When the roses bloomed again, Sophia Artemisia and her pale, sedentary William Henry were wedded with eclat. They occupy our best room now, and I have no son-in-law more regular at his meals than that same pale, sedentary William Henry. In the last week of the late departed Summer Hortensia Juventa and the one who had endowed her with his worldly goods, drove me to the attic chamber, and now you come at the first breath of Winter and ask me to take you in out of the cold. Young man, it cannot be. Besides Elizabeth Ann I have three fair daughters yet unwed, and their poor old parents are too frail and feeble to move to the woodshed to make room for another addition to their aggregation of sons-in-law. Therefore, I must draw the line at Elizabeth Ann. She cannot wed a fragile plant in trousers who would hover under this warm old paternal wing. Let me see you travel."

And young Mr. Maplesugar traveled.

Things are Getting Mixed.

Somehow or other, my boy, this old world seems to be getting away past me. I don't seem to catch on, somehow. Mr. Beecher declares himself a Cleveland Republican, then Mr. Curtis proclaims himself an Ira Davenport Democrat, and now the Rev. Maucasar Mangasarian declares that he is a Bob Ingersoll Presbyterian. I am just waiting day by day for Garrison to get out of his grave long enough to declare himself a pro-slavery abolitionist, and then I am going to join the Roman Catholic Order of American Protestants and see if the Irish-Americans can't do something for the American-Irish in English prisons. I tell you, my son, these are stirring times, and a man must be blind if he cannot feel the low mutterings of distant thunder that smells to heaven in the cimmerian darkness of its glaring polyglotery. I suppose it's all right, my son, but I can't understand it at all, and I'm thankful that I don't, and that I don't desire to understand it, "for in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Perpetual Leap Year in Utah.

Interview in San Francisco Alta California.

"In Salt Lake, you know, it is perpetually leap year, and a lady can ask a man to marry year if she desires to risk the chances of refusal. Not many of them do so, though, as a general rule, but papa (Brigham Young) had a great many offers. Aunt —— asked him to marry her, I'm sure," she (Mrs. McAllister) continued, addressing the latter sentence to her mother, whereupon a pleasant dispute arose over the proposal, which was finally ended by the young lady's positive declaration: "Well, I just know he wouldn't have married her unless she had asked him."

Then to the reporter she said: "Aunt Ann Eliza proposed to papa, too."

"Don't be too sure of that, my dear," interposed the mother.

"Well, if she didn't her mother did, anyhow. The old lady kept calling on papa until finally he gave in and married her."

Tennyson a Brute.

Lord Tennyson, on one occasion, was at a garden party, and somebody offered him a sandwich. He was laboriously munching this when the hostess rushed up to him with anxious inquiries as to his health and entertainment. "Thank you, madam," he said. "I am eating a sandwich. Are your sandwiches usually made of old boots, may I ask?" And the time he was asked to read one of his poems at a house where there was a party of young girls. He blankly refused. "I shan't!" he said. Presently he noticed that one of the girls was so deeply disappointed that the tears stood in her eyes. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, "Would you like to hear me read?" "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "Then I will. People say I am a brute, and they are right, but I will read to you." And he took the book and delighted everybody by reading for a long time.

He Forgot Himself.

A well known, in fact a prominent, citizen of Portland, now deceased, was twice married, and had a large family of children by each wife. A short time ago two of the children by the first wife went to the cemetery to visit their parents' graves. The first wife's children were named Oliver, John, Abbie and Anna, and John and Abbie were the two survivors who were making the visit. "There," said Abbie

Recent Literature.

F. Y. Headly, late adjutant of the 83d Illinois, has written an excellent volume, "Marching Through Georgia," which is published by R. R. Donnelley & Sons, Chicago. It is a series of pen-pictures of the every-day life of the soldier in the campaigns of the Army of the Tennessee; but, all the same, it is a graphic account of the campaigns in which its author participated, beginning with the battle of Shiloh, and ending with the close of the march to the sea. Many a man who wore the blue will live his campaigns over again as he peruses the author's stirring pages. Such books as these are invaluable. Not only are they interesting on their own account, but they are material which will be invaluable when the history of the great rebellion is written for future generations.

Col. Frank A. Burr, upon the staff of the Philadelphia *Times*, has prepared "The Life and Deeds of Gen. Grant," which has been handsomely brought out by the National Publishing Co. of that city. It is well written and undoubtedly authentic, while it presents some features not common to works of this kind. The graphic descriptions of each of the battles are given both from the Federal standpoint and also from the Confederate, the latter written by some distinguished officer upon that side. There are also stories told by some 40 different persons who knew the hero personally and could, therefore, tell much of interest. Taken together the book cannot but be regarded as a valuable contribution to the Grant Literature. The type is clear and large and the volume well bound.

Cupples, Upham & Company, Boston, have brought out "Mind-Cure on a Material Basis," by Sarah Elizabeth Titcomb, a writer known to the public by her "Early New England People." As it relates to a subject which has excited a good deal of attention, the book will be likely to attract considerable interest. She has brought together evidence from a large number of sources of the great control that mind holds over mind in the case of disease, and relates some startling facts in this connection.

"Hyperæsthesia," by Mary Conger, is a novel with a purpose. The idea that the story seeks to illustrate is "that morbid super-sensitiveness of the nerves, although a physical fact, is no more real than a similar condition of mind and spirit in a fairly healthy body." The remedy suggested is to take the mind of the sufferer off himself or herself, and direct it either to something more pleasant and cheering, or to create an unselfish interest in the troubles of others. The scene is a summer resort, where various people are assembled, and a true love plot is developed in the course of the pretty story. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, present in pamphlet form eight sermons of Henry Ward Beecher's discussing the bearings of Evolutionary Philosophy upon the doctrines of evangelical religion. In them he utters some very positive opinions which form the basis of his preaching, and which are consistent with good work. Many will be glad to get the great preacher's ideas in this form.

Benjamin F. Lacy, Philadelphia, issues "Poems" by Jamin Wilsbro, which, though containing some good things, the author would have done better to leave in a fugitive poem rather than to collect them into a volume. The book is well gotten up and prettily bound.

"An Original Belle" is an original story in Mr. E. P. Roe's well-known style. The draft riots in New York during the late war form one of the thrilling incidents of this book. A young society girl exercises such power over several young men as to incite in their breasts a feeling of patriotism, and sends forth to battle for their country noble young men instead of listless youths. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The old title of the novel, "Tell Your Wife," will attract the curiosity of readers. It is a pleasant little story. The worst characters are a married man who flirts so desperately with his neighbor's wife that his own breaks her heart, and a designing woman who comes near wrecking the happiness of her cousin by a trumped-up story of her husband's flirtations, and it is well told. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

From the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "Practical Economics," by the well known political economist, David A. Wells. The book is made up for the most part of essays which have appeared in the pages of some of the leading magazines of the country. They are exceedingly strong presentations of the author's views upon certain phases in the economic experiences of the United States, and cannot fail to be welcome in this collected form, not only to the student in these things, but to the general reader as well.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, we have "Dosia," by Madame Henry Greville. (Paper, 50c.) It is a charming story of Russian society, and is crisp, fresh and pure, while its fascination is powerful, genuine and legitimate. It is with rare grace of style, is brilliant, thoroughly excellent in its character-drawing, interesting in plot, pleasing and attractive. The heroine, Dosia, is an impetuous, tom-boy sort of a beauty, always in hot water, yet always bringing men to her feet by her originality and vivaciousness.

So many beautiful things come from the house of L. Prang & Co., Boston, that their impress is now a surety of excellence in an artistic way. Upon our table is a colored lithograph entitled "The Finish," showing the "Puritan" and "Genesta" flying over the waters in the race which was finally won by the "Puritan." The picture was painted by Wm. F. Halsall, and its copy is finely executed. It represents the yachts with sails set and under full headway. In the background are gaily decorated steamers, loaded with spectators, while other vessels are seen in the distance. The coloring of sea and clouds is admirable, while the yachts themselves seem instinct with life. It is a charming picture and a fine souvenir of what interested the whole country, as well as England, whence the "Genesta" came.

The December number of the ever-welcome literary stand-by, *Harper's Magazine*, begins the 72d volume. The opening article is "The Nativity in Art," with a number of fine illustrations, copies of paintings of the great masters, the subjects pertaining to Christ's birth. The number is notably strong in stories, there being one each by Brander Matthews, George H. Boughton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Charles Egbert Craddock, (Miss Murfree), and a farce by W. D. Howells. The announcement is made that Mr. Howells will hereafter write exclusively for the Harpers, and that he will contribute monthly to the *Magazine*, beginning with the January number, an editorial department having a relation to literature corresponding to that which the Editor's Easy Chair has to society. The new department will be styled the Editor's Study. It will be purely literary in its character, as large in scope and as flexible as the Easy Chair. While it will displace the Editor's Literary Record, it will not be a review of books, but a discussion of literary topics suggested by the salient features of current literature in America and Europe. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Godey's Lady's Book (J. H. Haulenbeek, Philadelphia) for December is a decidedly handsome number, replete with such attractions as delight the ladies at the commencement of the holiday season. The three pages of colored designs for holiday novelties in the line of fancy work are deserving of particular attention, as they will suggest to many what to make as Christmas mementoes—there are also three pages illustrating fancy work in black. The other illustrations this month are excellent, particularly one of Miss Mary Anderson, which is accompanied by a sketch of her career. This number of the magazine closes the one hundred and eleventh volume, which is one of the most comprehensive and satisfactory that has ever been issued from that office.

The *Art Interchange*, New York, for November 5, contains a colored study of a landscape in November, furnished by the artist, Mr. Bruce Crane. Beside this there are other pretty designs in black and white, and a host of useful hints, description and suggestion. The *Art Interchange* is taking long strides forward in public favor, and it is only $3 a year, published fortnightly.

The November number of the "Pansy," D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, contains, besides the usual amount of reading matter, a good deal additional, which the near approach of the holidays makes interesting. The engravings are attractive as usual.

The "Book Buyer," New York, for November, has a well executed portrait of George W. Cable, which will interest those with whom his writings are popular. The chat about author's doings is exceedingly interesting, and the reviews of new books fresh and timely. This publication which makes its appearance monthly for the small sum of 50 cents, is a welcome addition to any book table.

The New York Fashion Bazar for December published by George Munro, has a colored plate of designs to show the ladies what to wear, and a wealth of other illustrations so that one can hardly be at a loss in the matter. Embroidery patterns are also given. $2.50 yearly.

That ever-popular weekly magazine of foreign literature, Littell's *Living Age*, is still edited with that rare excellence and discrimination which has made it a prime favorite in cultured homes for more than a generation. Littell & Co., 31 Bedford street, Boston.

That the East has not a monopoly of literary talent, nor even of the publication of the best periodical literature, is patent to the readers of the *Overland Monthly* (120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.), and the November number is up to the high grade of the previous numbers. There is one noteworthy article, "The Wyoming Anti-Chinese Riot," which earnestly discusses the Chinese question from the Pacific Coast standpoint but without excusing the Wyoming massacre. It is the best statement we have lately read of this matter.

The November issue of the *Dial*, published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, contains to discriminating reviews of a number of the most valuable of recently published books. It is not only what it claims to be, a "monthly journal of current literature," but is a compend and resume of intelligent opinion thereon.

The *American Bookmaker* is a new monthly candidate for favor in the journalistic world. It is a periodical of technical art and information for printers, publishers, lithographers, binders, blank book makers, and in fact for all connected in any way with book-making. It is the best class periodical dealing with these trades of which we have any knowledge. $2 per year. Howard Lockwood, 126 and 128 Duane St., New York.

Allen Thorndike Rice has concluded a contract with Col. Fred Grant, by which the diary kept by Pres. Grant during his tour round the world will be published complete in the *North American Review*. It will be edited by Col. Grant.

FIRE GRENADES.

How to Manufacture them Cheaply, and as Good as the Best.

Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural college, Lansing, has in the last number of the Chicago *Sanitary Engineer* a report, in response to a request from the editor, regarding conditions of inflammability and fire extinguishers. It is herewith given:

A Harden hand-grenade was opened, and the solution contained qualitatively analyzed. It consisted of common salt, sulphate of lime, and a small amount of acetate of soda. The principal ingredient was common salt. Very fortunately at this time, a general agent from the company was in the vicinity and consented to give an exhibition of the fire extinguishing qualities before the students of this institution. Being provided with a vertical platform of pine boards, six by eight feet in size, he poured kerosene on the wood and then coated the surface with North Carolina pitch. Setting this on fire he allowed it to get well to burning and then, throwing in rapid succession six of the pint grenades, he succeeded in nearly extinguishing the fire. Taking this exhibition as a fair example of what the grenades could do in skilled hands, the effort was made to determine (1) whether the solution in the grenades had any more extinguishing power than water; (2) if the solution had extinguishing power greater than water, what was the essential ingredient in the solution.

The question that first arose regarding the composition of the grenades was: Did they contain carbon di-oxide gas, or any substance which would give up the gas by being heated?

Opening the grenades under water and collecting the gas that escaped, it was found that the average amount of carbon di oxide contained was about one cubic inch per grenade. Boiling the solution liberated a slight amount of gas in addition; but altogether the gas was not enough to be of any practical benefit in extinguishing fire. It was then certain that the extinguishing power was in the solution itself. Replacing the solution in the grenade with pure water the extinguishing power, while greater than water thrown from a dish upon the flaming boards, was still much less than the power exerted by the solution.

By a series of trials we found that the essential ingredient is common salt. From a number of experiments it was found that when a grenade, or a bottle containing a strong brine, was broken in the midst of the burning kerosene, the flames were almost instantly extinguished. A vapor seemed to spread in all directions from where the salt solution struck the board, extinguishing the flame as it went.

Strong solutions were also made of sulphate of soda, hyposulphite of soda, borax (biborate of soda), and bicarbonate of soda, and tried as extinguishers. Some worked as well, but none any better than salt in extinguishing fire.

The experiment was then tried of charging bottles with brine and generating carbon di-oxide by adding lime dust and sulphuric acid, and corking tightly. No practical increase in extinguishing power from this addition was noticed. In most instances the carbon di-oxide gas escaped from the bottle inside of four days, proving that it is impracticable to attempt to use glass vessels with corks as a means of storing CO_2 under pressure for fire extinguishing purposes.

The conclusion arrived at from these and many more experiments was that the Harden grenade solution possessed much greater extinguishing power than water alone, and that it owed this power to common salt held in solution.

We then constructed some home made grenades, using flat bottles, bound together side by side with wire. Using two bottles in this way insures their being broken on striking the burning body, which would not always occur when only one bottle was used. Bottles thus charged with brine and bound together were broken side by side with the Harden grenades and found to be equally valuable.

It thus appears from the experiments that any person can construct as good and effective grenades as those offered in the market at $7 and $10 per dozen. Bottles filled with brine and placed around the premises, will afford considerable protection, especially if used upon the flames when the fire just begins. Salt solutions have the further advantage of not being easily frozen, never enough to burst the containing bottle.

The Lewis hand fire-extinguisher was next investigated. This instrument consists of a tin tube about two feet long, containing about forty-four fluid ounces of a solution consisting of sulphite of soda in weak caustic ammonia. From the trials made we could not notice any appreciable superiority over the salt solution, as used in the Harden grenade. It has the disadvantage of not being made to break by being thrown, but must be opened by having a cork extracted from one end of the tin tube, requiring a small jerk. The solution is then sprinkled on the fire by the operator.

The principal value of this form of extinguisher must consist in the advice to the consumer printed upon the outside of the instrument, to "keep cool—not get excited, etc.," which, seeing that he holds the tin case in his hand while distributing the contents on the flames, allows him to consult and follow minutely this most excellent advice.

Frightening Children.

A lady writing upon the subject of nursery government says: "Frightening children is a sin of life-long consequences. Mothers, too, often ignorant of the true method of government, save labor and do the matter up quickly by terrifying the timid youngsters into obedience, not realizing the long mental pain that comes from terror." Young people grow out of some of these fears in time perhaps, but many of them haunt them through life. The most lasting fear is that caused by peopling the darkness with ghosts, hobgobbins and old men. Strong men have confessed to an unconquerable dread of the dark, a nervousness born of the terrors of the nursery. Surely every mother should have both the present and future interest of her children too much at heart to practice a deceit upon them from which in all after years they will suffer and for which they will censure her when they are old enough to detect the deceit.

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NORTHERN ALASKA.

The People—Their Houses, Clothing and Food.

Lieut. Storey, who has been making explorations in Northern Alaska, where white men have never been before, writes:

These people live in huts made partly under ground and subsist principally upon the meats of animals, fish and game, their vegetable supply being limited to leaves and roots of a few plants and a small supply of berries, which latter are collected during the summer months.

They are a healthy, hardy race, comparing favorably in size with the white men; complexion, a bright brunette, eyes small and black, and nearly even with the face, high forehead, nose small and rather flat, excellent teeth, coarse black hair. They tattoo very little, only a few lines on the lower lips and chins of the women. Wearing of the labrett is confined exclusively to the men, and even they do not all wear it. No nose ornaments are seen, and in a few instances only were eartings observed. All of the men are beardless. It is said that they pull the beard out. The women wear their hair long and plaited into two braids behind. The men also wear the hair long and allow it to hang down, except in front of their faces. They go without head covering during the summer, and are much more cleanly in their habits than the Tchoutches of Siberia.

CLOTHED IN SKINS.

The native dress is made principally from the skin of the reindeer; the undergarments from the skin of the younger ones; trousers, overshirts (coats) and socks from the skin of the older ones; boots are made from the tougher skin of the legs, and sometimes trousers from the same. The shirt in shape resembles that worn by the white man, but no buttons or fastenings are used, a hole being cut in the upper part just large enough to admit the head, to which is sewed a hood to be worn in cold weather. The overshirt (coat) is made long, reaching to the knees and ornamented and trimmed with long hairs of various animals. Some of the coats are made from inferior furs (such as ground squirrel) and skins of water fowl, etc. These are very light and worn only in summer.

Lighter trousers are also made for summer wear from the skins of seals, those of the younger and smaller ones being preferred. Both drawers and trousers are confined at the waist by a cord. Except during rainy weather the coat and trousers are worn with the hairy side out, but with the underclothing the hair is worn next to the body. The socks and boots are very similar in shape, the latter having a thick sole made from the skin of the walrus or large seal. The boots for summer are made from sealskin entirely, the hair being removed in tanning; the legs are long, never below the knee and sometimes extending below the waist; they are waterproof, but not warm. During snow storms or drifts an overall is worn to keep the snow out of the hair, which is very essential for the preservation of the reindeer skin garments. These overalls are made from entrails of seals, buckskin, drilling and calico, the latter being preferred when obtainable. Straw is placed in the bottom of the boots for warmth and to give a soft footing for the wearer.

The dress of the women is much like that of the men, the only difference being a slight variation in the pattern of the overshirt (skiri). Heavy mitts are made from the reindeer and moose skins and occasionally from sealskins, and are worn nearly all the time, summer and winter.

DWELLING HOUSES.

The native houses are constructed by sinking a circular hole twelve feet in diameter to a depth of three feet into the ground. Spruce poles, five feet long, are driven around the side to the depth of one foot (the bark having been removed), and placed as close together as possible. The roof, made of the same material, is then put on, leaving a circular hole of two feet in diameter at the top for the outlet of smoke and admission of light. The roof is well lashed by means of rope made from the bark of the spruce. The entire hut above ground is then covered with straw and earth. The entrance to the hut is subterranean, a passageway being dug at an angle of about 45 degrees from the exterior of the hut to the floor, which passageway is carefully protected in the same manner as the roof.

FOOD SUPPLIES.

These people never want for food. The country abounds in animals and game, and the river in fish. Large numbers of reindeer are killed, generally shot, although during winter it quite frequently happens that many are captured by driving them into ravines where they sink into the deep snows and fall an easy prey to the hunters. The following is a list of animals whose skins are preserved by the natives, viz: Bear (black, brown and gray), moose, fox (white, black, red, cross and silver gray), marten, sable and water otter, mink, wolf, beaver and lynx. The meats of all these animals are used for food, but great preference is given to the reindeer, moose and bear. The latter are usually shot, the former trapped. The fish caught are of many varieties, including large quantities of salmon, whitefish, mullet, pike and sculpin.

The salmon are chiefly caught in Hotham inlet or at the mouth of the river that empties into it; the other fish are caught in the river. They are mostly caught in the summer by means of the gill net or speared, the dexterity with which this is done being something marvellous. The pike weigh from seven to ten pounds, whitefish from one to two pounds, and mullet from three to four pounds. In the winter fish are also taken through the ice by hook and line. The hook used consists simply of a flat piece of ivory with a sharp piece of metal screwed into one end of it at right angles to the face of the ivory. White whales are caught in Hotham inlet, and it is regarded by the natives as a great and dangerous feat to catch one. Those who are successful are looked upon as men of distinction. Hair seals are caught in Hotham inlet, but they do not seem to go up the river.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Ultra fashionable ladies in New York are learning to knit stockings, using gold needles tipped with pearls.

A large fish hawk got impaled on the steeple of a church at Harrisburg, Pa., the other day. As it could not be relieved, the bird was killed with a rifle shot and left to hang.

Generals, Colonels, and lesser official military lights can be found to the number of 62 in Rome, Ga., but "not a single private is known to be within the city limits."

Boston, during the first twenty days of her experience with the immediate delivery system, averaged about 200 special letters a day, giving about $16 per diem for 25 messengers to divide.

The Druggists' *Journal* reports a case of poisoning from postage stamps. It seems that the gum on the back is capable, under certain conditions, of absorbing foreign matters floating in the air.

Oliver Wendell Holmes lives in a bright yellow house with green blinds, and some of those people who look for special motives in insignificant acts wonder what profoundly scientific notion is responsible.

A willow farm in Macon, Ga., produces about a ton of switches to the acre, commanding, when dried, $200, and, as the leaves and bark sell at 25 cents a pound baled, the enterprise pays better than cotton.

The Maine lumbermen estimate the cut of the coming winter at 150,000,000 feet—considerably more than last year's. Food and labor are cheap. About 9,500 men and 1,000 horses will be employed on the Penobscot alone.

Spots on the sun were more numerous during the second quarter of the present year, April to June inclusive, than during the first quarter, January to March. In June particularly the activity on the solar surface was very great.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25c.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Remarkable Sayings and Doings of the Pets of Every Household.

Little Bess to gentleman caller:

"You ain't black, are you Mr. M——?" "Black, child?—why, no, I should hope not. What made you think I was?" "Oh, nothin'—'cept pa said you was awful uiggardly."

A little boy whose parents remarked in his presence that "skating rinks are going out of fashion," asked whether bustles would go out of fashion about the same time. He seemed to have an idea that they would no longer be needed.

"I don't care if our dog did whip yours!" said an angry little girl to a playmate. "Your dog is a sneaking little thing, anyhow!"

"I don't care," sobbed the owner of the sneaking dog. "I guess your dog snooked first."

Lord Rosebery, in one of his electioneering speeches, told a story of his little girl. The child was talking to her nurse and said, when told not to fret about something, that she could not help thinking, because she could not make her mind sit down.

A little nine-year-old girl, of Kingston, N. Y., wise beyond her years, riding in the horse cars with her mother, caught sight of the large letters on the skating rink, which bore the words, "Recreation Hall." "Mamma," she said, "I suppose they will call it 'Resurrection Hall' when Moody and Sankey get through with it, won't they?"

Mamma—Clara you have not been a good girl to-day. Now instead of helping to throw stones at that poor old ragpeddler you should have told your playmates that it was wrong. You should try and do somebody a kindness every day. You know the rhyme:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

Clara—Yes, mamma, but to day was cloudy, and there wasn't any sun.

A little 3-year old, the young hopeful of an estimable lady on Piety Hill, in Salem, Ore., is just beginning to verge into the period of childish investigation, doubt and inquiry. The little fellow had heard the word "grass widow," and hastened to inquire its meaning of his mother. By way of illustration she told him that if his father should run away and leave her alone, without any cause, then she would be a grass-widow. The future senator looked up in his mother's face and said: "Then, what'd I be? Would I be a grasshopper?"

Johnny (the next morning after the "children's party")—You didn't get any ice cream last night.

Fred—'Cause I didn't want any. I don't line vanilla. I had lots of oysters and chicken salad.

Johnnie—Um! So had I. You didn't get any cake, though.

Fred—Yes, but I did.

Johnnie—O, you know that isn't so! You left before the cake was passed around.

Fred—I don't care. I had some after I got home.

Johnnie—G, what a whopper! What kind of cake?

Fred—Stomachache.

As a reporter stood conversing with one of the inspectors, says the Albany *Express*, a hurried trampling of feet echoed through the corridors of the basement of the city hall, and a moment later a group of little faces peeped inquiringly through the open doorway and into the unknown abode of the knights of the vaccine point. After earnest conference together, and whispers of "You go in," "No, you," and disdainful but smothered exclamations of "You're afraid," one little miss defiantly led the way, with her small army marshalled behind her. When she got well into the room, however, and beheld the dignified forms of Clerk Long and Inspector Brennan, her courage forsook her, and in a very humble voice and pointing, meanwhile, to a little girl beside her, she said: "Please, sir, here's a little girl that's come to get vaccinated."

Samuel came home the other day from school with his clothes torn and burst into the sitting-room where his mother and sisters were planning with some ladies how to advance the good manners and gentleness of their youthful offspring. His mother had already descanted at length on Samuel, his virtues and helpfulness to his playmates.

"Why, here he is himself," she proudly shouted, as he came in, threw his second reader on the piano and unobtrusively stepped on the kitten's tail.

"What have you done at school to-day?" asked one of the visitors.

"Oh, I had a bully time." And without a moment's hesitation he opens with a grin a begrimed mouth, and in the cavity thus created appears a bloody ridge along the jaw, minus four or five teeth. "Oh, ma, I licked two boys bigger than I am. Can't I have my picture taken with my mouth open to send to Uncle Jake?"

Winter Fashion Notes.

Alligator skin bonnets are a novelty.

All shades of green are popular for house costumes.

Woolen braid, trimmed expressly for the purpose, trims the most elegant hats.

Fine, smooth broadcloths embroidered with silks, beads and cords, are among the most elegant fabrics imported.

New veils to wear with small bonnets revive the old mask shapes with rounded fronts and pointed ends.

New passementeries for trimming velvet dresses are set with cairngorms and dark blue crystals.

A novelty in hat trimmings is velvet ornamented with nails made of jet, having the points turned upward.

A new trimming for wraps and outside garments is made of silk braid, the ends being cut so as to simulate the appearance of feathers.

The special novelty in kid gloves is a long mosquetaire or button glove of undressed kid with what is called "Tyrol" stitching on the back.

Fur trimming is more than ever popular for all kinds of garments and all kinds of borders are used. Cinnamon bear is considered very elegant.

Among the novelties in linen collars are bands that do not lap, but are fastened with a narrow ribbon that is drawn through two eyelets and is tied in a little bow.

Mushroom-tint is a popular new shade. It is dark enough to be popular for traveling suits, it does not show the dust and does not make too sombre a costume.

Many of the winter hats and bonnets are pinched up in front and cut off at the back, so as to make it difficult to decide whether the article is intended for hat or bonnet.

Buttons are not so much used on waists, but the majority are so trimmed that there is no room for them, and the old-fashioned hooks and eyes are coming into more general use for fastening dresses.

Cloak clasps are in the most elegant designs, some being made from the teeth of antediluvian animals. Four are required for one set, they being about three inches long. They are also mounted singly as brooches. — *Godey's Lady's Book.*

A Delightful Commission.

Young Mr. Smythe was passionately enamored of Miss Browne, and was squirming in his chair prepatory to a proposal, when the young lady said:

"Mr. Smythe, you pass Mr. Thinplate, the jeweler's, on your way home, do you not?"

"Yes," he said, huskily.

"Well, would you mind doing me a little favor?"

"Mind! dear Miss Browne," he replied, with a look of unutterable reproach; "you have but to name it!"

"Thanks! Will you kindly ask Mr. Thinplate if he has tightened the setting of my engagement ring, which Mr. George Simpson left with him yesterday. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach and bilious attack. By druggists.

UNDER THE GALLOWS.

Frightful Condemnation of a Mother by Her Son—What Does it Mean?

Not long ago a weeping mother called to bid good bye to her only son who was soon to be executed.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, in a momentary frenzy. "Woman, I would never have been where had you done your duty by me when "I was young."

This was a terrible parting! It horrified the spectators, it nearly crazed the conscience striken mother.

One can scarcely overestimate the mother's influence in the moulding of the character of her offspring. But how often, oh how often do mothers seem to ignore this responsibility.

During a recent trip on the rail the writer made the acquaintance of Dr. A. J. Benedict, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., a person who has made a study of human development. Referring to the murderous tendency of the times, we asked that eminent man if the outlook was not discouraging?

"It looks so," he said, "but I fancy we have a cause and the remedy for such evils. In my professional career I have found by hard study, that we have emerged from savagery by development of the nervous system and the intellectual life, and we return to savagery as we ignore the fact that without the solid, trustworthy nervous system, we cannot hope to save the race. Boys stuff dime novels, and the pistol is to them the only respectable glorious instrument to secure fame. Women read trashy literature and straightway try to murder their husbands and friends by poison. Business men yield to the tempter, and forge and steal and default. Ministers, charmed by beauty, forget the behests of conscience. On every side we see the weakness of personal integrity."

"Do you regard it as a disease?"

"More especially as the result of disease, which, however, may be prevented."

"Please define how."

"I cannot now enter into details. Our people can see their bodies, their blood, their bones. *They never see their nerves, and consequently many do not suppose they have any.* The farmer's wife rejoices in a big, physical frame, and yet she dies prematurely. The nerves cannot stand the strain of continual work. The minister falls dead in his pulpit, but he never did a day's physical work in his life. The lawyer faints in the presence of the court and is soon a wreck or a corpse, and yet the work is nerve work. The man of affairs is overcome with apoplexy; the politician and publicist, with Bright's disease. The mind of the untutored man is fired by the exploits of crime, and he longs for such fame. These persons overwork or over-excite the nervous system and this fact kills or demoralizes them."

"If all this be so, how would you rectify it then?"

"Let me tell you. A few years ago I had a lady patient who was an utter wreck. She was the mother of several children. She lost her mind and imagined she was cursed of God. She was a farmer's wife, and worked early and late. I never saw a finer specimen of physical womanhood than she, but she was a nervous wreck! She became bloodless, had the very worst of female disorders and was in the last stages of aluminuria or Bright's disease. This latter disease works particular havoc with the nervous system, and produces insanity and despair. She was insane and desperate and I fear *tainted the blood of her offspring* with these terrible tendencies. I treated her for several years. One by one the standard remedies of the schools failed, but I finally cured her with Warner's safe cure, and she is to-day strong and well. Yet thousands of women like her, every year bring ill-formed and criminally inclined children into the world. Is it any wonder that nervous diseases prevail and that the whole moral sense is demoralized? If that remedy were generally used, we would have stronger mothers, stronger children, stronger men and women, and with perfect physical and mental health, crime would decrease and society be more secure."

Such candid opinions are surely worth considering.

DO YOU WALTZ?

These are the Latest Suggestions From High Authority.

Allen Dodworth's "Dancing and its Relations to Social Life."

If the observation of social waltzing in New York and Europe, for more than forty years, proves anything whatever, it is that the method of holding which is prescribed below is to-day, as at the beginning, adopted by all who may be noticeable for refined manners and movement. The gentleman approaches the lady, offering his left hand—one who is *au fait* will at the same time make a sight inclination to bow. The lady places her right hand in that of the gentleman, who then extends his right arm in a direct line to the side, the forearm bent so as to form an acute angle. In this angle the lady will place herself, with the centre line of the person opposite the line of the gentleman's right side, both persons on parallel lines, not forming an angle. In this position each will be looking over the other's right shoulder, and by the lady turning her head slightly to the left the effect of the group will be greatly improved, and prevent all possibility of taking each other's breath, which is rarely pleasant, and in the case of a young man directly from the use of a meerschaum is "positively horrid," as many ladies have remarked. The lady, if not too short, places her left hand, hooked, upon the gentleman's right shoulder, the finger appearing in front. The right hand of the gentleman should rest very gently upon the lady's back, as near the waist as possible, so as not to remove the upper pressure of the elbow directly under the lady's shoulder, as this is the lady's support and must be held with sure but gentle firmness. The hand on the back should rest very lightly, and on every possible occasion should be slightly raised, so that the air may pass between, as in some cases the close contact induces perspiration and may leave its mark upon the lady's dress. Both persons should be slightly bent forward from the hips upward, so that the shoulders may be only three or four inches apart, the distance increasing downward; this leaves both parties free in their limbs, so that any contact of person or knees may be so avoided, and should be so avoided as a most serious mistake. The gentleman's left hand, holding the lady's right, should be extended downward in a line with the body, the hands three or four inches distant from the person, the arms forming a gentle curve from the shoulder downward. No weight is placed upon this arm; all the guiding and changes must be governed by the elbow under the lady's arm. It will be found that this grouping will be perfectly modest in appearance, no more contact of person occurring than in a lady taking a gentleman's arm for walking. In conclusion, let it be remembered that purity of thought and actiod may be as conspicuous in waltzing as in any other situation of life; that the gross waltz grossly, the vicious viciously, the refined and innocent innocently and in a refined manner.

Sporting Intelligence.

Maj. Ryan and Petmecky were out on Onion creek shooting jack rabbits last Sunday. The latter drew a bead on a big rabbit that was sitting in plain view about thirty feet distant.

"Now, that rabbit might as well make his will," said Petmecky, blazing away with both barrels, and missing the rabbit by about four feet. The rabbit ran away with great velocity.

"But look at him run! I guess he is trying to get out of range," said Petmecky, boastfully reloading his death dealing weapon.

"No, I think not. You know you said the rabbit ought to make his will, and as he is going in the direction of Austin I expect he is taking it to the district clerk to have it probated," remarked Maj. Ryan.

The two nimrods did not speak for several hours afterward.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Renewal of Vigor.

The most important step in this process is the restoration of the functions of digestion and assimilation to full and uninterrupted exercise since it is upon their activity alone that the system can depend to replenish its dwindling store of energy. Among tonics which the voice of the people and high professional indorsement approves as reliable, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has long been recognized as the best. Its properties as a medicated stimulant commend it to all persons suffering from the effects of fatigue, mental or bodily, as an immediate means of counteracting their effects; and in cases where loss of vigor is attributable to such weakening chronic causes as dyspepsia, affections of the kidneys and bladder, and the infirmities peculiar to age, it produces permanently beneficial results. Those twin obstacles to health and vigor, liver complaint and constipation, are also removed by it. It also prevents and cures malarial diseases.

The Camp Fire.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee," etc.

Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;
Neither could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee," etc.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee Boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a hand-Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee," etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee," etc.

Published in sheet music form by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland.

Chat Around the Fire.

Clara M. Modglin, Marsae, Creek, Ill.:

I throw a chip on the CAMP FIRE as the widow of a soldier who served through the war and who suffered in that hell called Andersonville for 302 days. I am raising four boys, who, when old enough, shall vote as their father shot. My son takes the BLADE. All honor to the old soldiers, and may success attend them.

J. K. Cochran, Beattie, Kan.:

I am a reader of the BLADE, and am an interested reader of the CAMP FIRE. I would like to hear from some of my comrades of Co. B, 4th Minn., and also from some of my acquaintances of Co. K, 3d Minn. Will some of the boys of the 4th write an account of the battles participated in by that regiment? Let us hear from you, boys, soon. Let us renew the acquaintance made in the times that tried men's souls. I hope that some of you, at least, are citizens of this glorious young state of Kansas.

J. Moore, Co. L, 3d Ind. Cav., Westfield, Ill.:

I have waited and watched the CAMP FIRE for a long time for some one of the Morton scouts to speak up and tell of this incident. I see that Jacob Lohr says that the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia, was on September 1, 1864. Well do I remember that day. I belong to Co. L, 3d Ind. Cav., better known as the Morton scouts, and was in Kilpatrick's third division of cavalry on that memorable day an order came to Kilpatrick headquarters for 100 picked men to go to the rear of the rebel army and cut the railroad. Just think of it, comrades—100 men for such a work as this, but old "Kil" soon made out the list. Capt. Carr for the men, and we left everything behind but our arms and horses, and with Lieut. Green for our leader, away we went, aiming to cut our way with our sabers. We had not gone far before we were fired one, and orders came to charge and away we went and run in one of our own picket posts, but we were not to be baffled by mistakes. On we went as fast as our horses could carry us, making a bee line for the railroads which were some ten miles away. We reached, cut and destroyed them in sight of a rebel camp. Then came the time to get back, but this was not an easy thing to do, for we were in the midst of the rebel army. We cut our way through some four ar five picket lines and got back to our old starting point to find that cavalry all whipped and gone, but we found some of our command were left there that night and gave old "Kil" the telegraph wire we brought back with us, and it would do your soul good if you could have seen him rejoice. The next morning there came an order of thanks from Gen. Sherman to the brave 100 men which was read to the brigade after they were called in line.

Fred, Co. D. 7th Wis., Watsonville, Neb.:

Please open front rank and let the little corporal to the front. I will add a few echs to the CAMP FIRE. Pitch pine and rails are out of the question here. Comrades, I hope the last has been said as to the difference in service rendered and hardships endured, by the eastern and western armies. Both had hard enough times, and I hope did their duty fighting for our country and the star spangled banner. Comrades, let us run the banner up to the mists and top in 1888. We cannot afford to desert the old reliable Republican party, the standby of the soldiers, if we acquiesce in the call of Bella Jones to the G. A. R., unless it is to vote the Republican ticket. When the prohibitionists get rational enough to withdraw from politics, then and not till then, let every comrade answer to the call of Bella Jones. Come again Mississippi Reader. The election returns show you are writing facts, but a Democrat will not admit it for he knows it. I am in the same boat as many others. The CAMP FIRE is the first perused but I have not seen it brightened by one of my regiment. Comrades bring along a rail or something to keep the CAMP FIRE burning bright and cheerful. I do not wonder that we get things somewhat mixed after the lapse of so many years. I can say I was in several battles and it seemed to have been our lot to fight against Stonewall Jackson. I think they gave our regiment the name of "Big battered" brigade. I am not going to tell you our fighting qualities until I bring along another cob.

Corporal A. J. Weaver, 15th W. Va., Moatsville, W. Va.:

I come forward with an armful of brush for the CAMP FIRE to make a light while I talk with the boys of the first independent division of the 24th corps of army of the Potomac. Not seeing anything through the BLADE CAMP FIRE from any of them, I come to inquire after some of them, for I know there was a goodly number of them left after the gallant charge near Petersburg, when we charged Ft. Grey and Ft. Owen, led by Gen. Harris. I think you all remember the time and place, and how we did our duty in facing grape and canister, for the boys of the 3d brigade were as true as steel. They followed their colors until they were planted inside the forts commanded by 1st Confederates. The charge was made by the 15th W. Va., 12th W. Va., and if I mistake not, the 34 Penn., routing the rebels and following them to Appomattox Court

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, when specially requested they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammar, construction or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and be grieved to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer by "next issue." The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. A full matter for debate passes through the hands of one editor, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

S. E. F., New Martinsville, W. Va.: Write to E. F. Gambs, San Francisco, Cal.

H. K., Marysville, Mo.:

1. Where can I get a good work on short-hand?
2. Is it very hard to learn?

Brower, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O. 2. Should learn it quite easily; others can never learn it.

W. W., Delta, O.:

1. Is Gen. Logan a stockholder in a distillery?
2. Was the constitutional prohibition amendment, known as the second amendment, defeated by shameful frauds committed by public officials?

1. Think not. 2. No.

V. L. S., Hurlbut, Wis.:

1. What is meant by the Golden Horn?
2. Where can I get the song entitled, "The Petrified Forest," or the book in which it is published?
3. "The Song Tree?"

1. A narrow arm of the sea at Constantinople, affording a safe and commodious harbor, with water of sufficient depth to float the largest men of war. 2. Try Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

G. S., Dexter, Minn.:

1. What nativity was Lord Byron? 2. Where can I get the story of the Hidden Hand? 3. Is our country a republican or democratic form of government?

1. Byron was an Englishman, born in London. 2. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O. 3. Whatever you choose to call it. The words mean the same when used in connection with which the people govern, or choose their own rulers.

R. R., Pennsylvania:

1. Where is and how high does the highest tide in the world raise? 2. Considerable discussion has arisen in our circle about the progress of common eels. Some say they have lungs as other fish do; but that they are the offspring of what is called the lamper eel. All concluded to abide the decision of PEARL.

1. At Annapolis, in the Bay of Fundy. The tide is said to rise 130 feet. 2. Eels which descend to estuaries or to the sea deposit their spawn there, and the young eels ascend rivers to the spring. Those eels which cannot migrate to the sea breed in inland rivers and lakes.

Reader, Iowa:

1. What provision was made in 1883 for the carrying through of the civil service reform?
2. Who is George W. Cable?

1. The agitation of the question of civil service reform dates from 1871, when an act of congress was passed, in accordance with which a board of seven commissioners was appointed by Gen. Grant to prepare rules for the service. George William Curtis, of New York, was made chairman. Since then rules have been adopted by commissioners appointed, and appropriations made by Congress to carry the civil service into effect. 2. Mr. Cable is a Southern writer who has acquired much fame from his delineations of French Creole life in Louisiana. He resided in New Orleans for years, but has recently removed to the North.

K. G., Brookville, N. Y.:

Can anything be done to brighten a tarnished mirror?

Clean the bare portion of the glass by rubbing it gently with fine cotton, taking care to remove any trace of dust and grease. If this clean be not done very carefully, defects will appear around the place repaired. With the point of your knife cut up on the back of another lead-ing glass around a portion of the silvering equal to the required form, but a little larger. Upon this place a small drop of mercury, and a piece of zinc a head will be sufficient for a surface equal to the size of the nail. The mercury spreads immediately, penetrates the amalgam, and to where it was cut off with the knife, and the required piece may be laid in. Bind the glass fast to the place to be repaired. This is the most difficult part of the operation. Then proceed to lightly the recessed portion with cotton, and in a short time almost instantly, while the dust sents the same appearance as a new one.

F. E., Wathena, Kan:

Can the BLADE give ingredients of a well-known compound to weld cast steel with a low heat, especially plough-shares?

For welding iron and steel a compound has lately been patented in Belgium, consisting of iron filings, 40 parts; borax, 20 parts; balsam copaiba, or some other resinous oil, 2; and sal ammoniac, 3 parts. They are well mixed, and the surfaces to be welded are powdered with the composition, and then brought to a cherry-red heat, at which the metal melts, when the pieces are taken from the fire and joined. If the piece to be welded are too large to be both introduced at the same time into the forge, one can be operated on with the welding may be effected. When using the composition for cast steel—Take borax, 8 parts; sal-ammoniac, 2 parts; prussiate of potash, 1 part. Pulverize together, then fuse them in a metal pot over a clear fire, taking care to continue the heat until all spume has disappeared from the surface. When the liquid appears clear, like the composition, it is poured out to cool and concrete; afterwards, being grounded to a fine powder, it is ready for use. To this composition, the steel to be welded is first raised to a bright yellow heat, and then plunged, among the welding powder and again placed in the fire, until it attains the same degree of heat as before; it is then ready to be placed under the hammer. Welding powder for iron—Take of borax, 3 parts; sal-ammoniac, 1 part; grind or pulverize together, then fuse them in a metal pot over a clear fire, taking care to continue the heat until all spume has disappeared from the surface. When the liquid appears clear, like the composition, it is poured out to cool and concrete; afterwards, being ground to a fine powder, it is ready for use. To this composition, the steel to be welded is first raised to a bright yellow heat, and then plunged, among the welding powder and again placed in the fire, until it attains the same degree of heat as before; it is then ready to be placed under the hammer. Welding powder for iron or steel

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

Circulation Last Week, 124,000.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

SENTOR STANFORD, of California, has made public the general plan of the proposed university which he will magnificently endow. For this purpose he will give three of his estates—Vinor Ranch, valued at $2,500,000; Gridley Ranch, $1,600,000, and Palo Alto, $2,500,000. The total value of the lands is certainly over $5,000,000, and to it will be added a money gift sufficient to make the total endowment $20,000,000. The buildings will include an agricultural department, mechanical institute, museum, art galleries and buildings devoted to instruction in the principles of government, also in law, painting, medicine and music. A town site will also be established where families may live cheaply, in connection with which preparatory schools will be erected. Both sexes will be eligible. Superior courses of study will be free, and those leading up to them at a very moderate tuition fee. Sen. STANFORD has declared it to be his intention to rob the European universities of their brightest professors, if pecuniary and other inducements can be made sufficiently strong. The management of this vast educational enterprise will be confided to 25 gentlemen, including Sen. STANFORD. The inspiration which prompted the gift comes from the senator's tender affection for his dead son, and the university is designed as the lamented boy's monument.

CLEVELAND'S conception of the position of chief executive is essentially the Republican theory. It is that it demands the prudence and economy of a private business trust; that it should be administered in a business-like way, and he proposes, so far as lies in his power, to adhere to that idea during his term of office. Hence he does not allow the result of the state elections, past or prospective, to change his methods in the least. There is solid common sense in this, and the people perceive it. The voters are passing judgment on the Democratic party rather than on CLEVELAND personally. They know that Democracy is not in sympathy with him, and condemn it rather than the President. His methods are business methods, and commend themselves to the popular judgment; but they are not endorsed by the Democratic masses. In this connection, it is interesting to note the following, from EDWARD EVERETT HALE, on business methods in national affairs:

The change which has taken place since 1861, since business men were called to manage the country, has been such that it can hardly be expressed. The wealth of the United States has increased threefold in 24 years. You take everything accumulated since the landing at Plymouth Rock, and you will find that 300 per cent. has been added of that in the past 24 years. That is one of the results of letting the American people, Northern business men, govern and manage the country for you.

IT seems to be a fact that the Hawaiian kingdom is agitating a plan for preventing a repetition of such disputes over islands in the Pacific as Germany and Spain have had over the Carolines. The details have not yet been developed, but it seems to include the neutralization of the minor groups of islands not now occupied by other governments, and the establishment of some kind of a primacy among them of the Sandwich Islands, under guarantee of the great powers of the world. Mr. CARTER, minister of the Hawaiian Islands at Washington, left for Europe on Saturday on this mission. A report was circulated that the United States was one of the movers of the scheme, but this has been officially denied by the state department.

GEORGIA is making a splendid fight for Prohibition. Local option has driven the curse from over half the counties, and those who have experienced the good effects of immunity from whiskey are moving upon the whole state. It will win, and winning in Georgia means winning in all the Southern states. The world does move.

THOUSANDS of our subscribers in renewing their subscriptions are sending in other names. We thank you one and all. You are doing us a favor, a great favor, but you are doing more. You are spreading the truth, and helping along the great reforms to which we have devoted ourselves. Keep the ball rolling.

DAKOTA farmers say that prairie fires will not cross fields sown with clover or timothy, as there is a green sprig at the bottom which checks it. It is the dry buffalo grass that the flames run in. As the land is improved and tame grasses are sown this scourge will be checked.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE situation in trade circles has been quiet. There are reports from all quarters that the volume of business has been falling off. This is notably the case in dry goods, the iron and hardware trades, groceries, flour, grain, provisions, etc. Retail business appears to be disappointing in most cities, which is a feature more or less menacing to jobbers, wholesale dealers and manufacturers. The weather conditions have been decidedly inauspicious to the trade of the season, and are no doubt largely accountable for the lull in business, but it is manifestly true that the degree of improvement in trade which the country has been anticipating and which speculation has been discounting can not possibly be experienced just yet, without a much greater degree of confidence among capitalists.

THE strong feature of the past week in the business world has been the activity in stocks. Speculation in stocks and bonds has been of maximum dimensions, and prices have been further advanced for representative railroad properties, while the only important advance in the products of artisan industry has been in the leading article of railroad material, steel rails, which are now $6 to $8 above the prices ruling six weeks ago. Heavy new orders and contracts are reported as the cause of this strong advance, but it may prove that the rise has been largely due to a liberal discounting of the nearby railroad future, on easy rates for money. There is still another interest, transportation, which has received the decree for another sharp advance. A rise of 30 to 35 per cent. in East-bound freights has been ordered to supplement the late rise in West-bound freights of 40 to 50 per cent. So the railroad interest is so far monopolizing the boom, advancing the value of its holdings with notable boldness, but taking care to justify itself by a large addition of the tribute which it levies upon commerce. It is estimated that the rise in freights will give the trunk lines an additional $100,000 per day at Chicago from breadstuffs and provisions alone.

DURING the past ten years the cattle of the United States have increased threefold, and this is now the great cattle raising country of the world. On farms there are now about 42,000,000, and on ranch and range property west of the Mississippi about 10,000,000 cattle are now grazing.

THE mercantile failures of last week were reported by *Bradstreet's* at 227, which is about 50 per cent. greater than the previous week, and also in excess of any corresponding week in the current decade.

HORACE B. CLAFLIN, the great New York dry goods merchant, died Friday of apoplexy.

ENGLAND has issued a formal declaration of war against Burmah, and the absorption of King THEEBAW'S realm into the Anglo-Indian empire will be the undoubted result.

MR. STEAD, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, without hard labor, for the abduction of the ARMSTRONG girl.

LOUIS RIEL, the Canadian rebel, was hung Monday morning at half-past eight. The execution was very quiet and decorous, RIEL preserving to the last his self-possession. What the effect will be upon the province of Quebec where the feeling against his execution has been so strong is a question. Had RIEL'S offense been a first one, it is very likely that he would have been reprieved, but being the second, possibly it was felt that an example must be made of so persistent a fighter against the authority of the government.

MR. GLADSTONE has, during the past week, entered into the election campaign in earnest. He is in excellent health, speaks with all of his old energy and power, and appears equal to any effort. He claims that his great object is the unity of the Liberal party, and he calls upon the country to elect a large Liberal majority in Parliament, as the only means of dealing safely with the pressing question of the hour, Ireland. The most serious obstacle in the way of MR. GLADSTONE'S success of uniting his party, is the lateness of the time in which he began his work. A month ago and he would have carried all before him; now it is doubtful.

MR. GLADSTONE brings forward the Irish question, as one that sweeps into the shade every other. It is in reality his answer to the cry of church disestablishment raised by the Tories. He declares the church in no danger, but accuses the Tories of risking its existence for party purposes.

THE decision of the Pope in the Caroline Islands imbroglio, which was submitted to his arbitration, is that Spain's sovereignty over them be recognized.

DURING the past week hostilities have begun in the Balkans. On Saturday King MILAN of Servia issued a formal declaration of war against Bulgaria, and the army began an immediate forward movement upon Sofia, the place which Servia claims for her own if the Treaty of Berlin is broken. Bulgaria is called to arms, although the season is so far advanced as to render movements difficult, the most intense excitement and enthusiasm prevails. The whole of the Servian army has crossed the frontier and is now upon Bulgarian territory. The Conference is still sitting in Constantinople, and what view will be taken of the present condition of affairs is not known. It is said, however, that it will in no way affect the decision in the Balkan question.

PROF. W. B. CARPENTER, the noted English scientist, died at London on Tuesday. He was a physiologist of the first rank, and as a writer on general biological subjects was without a peer. He was 72 years of age, and held the office of president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

ENGLISH advices state that the depression which has existed for some time in the ship building trade of the Clyde is increasing in severity. There are so many men out of employment that the relief committees find great difficulty in supplying even food for the distressed people. There were 47 stowaways discovered in the hold of a vessel which was about to sail for America.

JAPAN has recently founded a peerage, so as to establish an upper house of their legislative body, similar to the English House of Lords. So far the peers consist of seven princes, 24 marquises, 76 counts, 324 viscounts, and 74 barons, or a total of 409.

THE DUTY OF THE DAY.

The elections are over in all the states, and there is now nothing political to distract and divide the attention of the people, and keep them from the prosecution of the one great reform of this century.

The duty of the Prohibitionists in Maine, Iowa and Kansas, is clear and imperative. They must strengthen the movement in the other states, by demonstrating beyond question or quibble that Prohibition does actually Prohibit. Having all the legislation necessary, having triumphed at the polls and retained that legislation, they must show that legislation reaches farther than the statute book, and that it does really crush out the sale of liquor.

It is true that in many points and many places the law has been overridden, and made null and void. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, a mayor chooses to laugh at the state law, and he not only licenses Rum Mills, but houses for Gambling and Prostitution as well, which is fitting, as the three are inseparable. It is true that in Bangor, Maine, no attention is paid to the law at all, and that liquor is sold secretly in many of the principal cities and towns of the state. It is likewise true that the curse is not entirely stamped out in Kansas. These facts are cited by the Whisky and Beer interest, as proof that Prohibition does not Prohibit, and every such statement chills the zeal of the friends of order and good morals in the other states.

With a certain class it goes for nothing to show that all over these states are localities where Prohibition has stopped the hunt for boys and weak men, that it has lessened the evil perceptibly everywhere, and that where the law is inoperative it is because the people have been negligent in its enforcement. The places where it is made null by the apathy of its friends are the ones that are always paraded.

It is the duty of the friends of Prohibition in these three states to remove this reproach this winter, and thereby demonstrate that there is efficacy in thus dealing with the evil. The hands of the friends of Prohibition in other states need to be held up. They must organize in every township and proceed without shilly-shallying to enforce the law. They must show their strength numerically, and their power. They should appoint vigilance committees to hunt out violators of the law, and should have the best legal ability, well-paid, to hunt them down when hunted out. There should be no shrinking, no hesitation, no timidity. These enemies of the human race should be driven from the midst of decent people, and every legal force should be invoked to do it.

No Rum-seller can live in a community that is determined to be rid of him. No one man though he be backed by all the power of a vast money interest, can hold his ground against a thousand determined men and women who love their children and are determined to save them from this worse than pollution.

A thorough organization of these three states, and a vigorous and effective enforcement of the law therein, would do more to make Prohibition general than all the speeches that could be made and editorials written in forty years. When the people of the other states can be convinced that Prohibition does Prohibit, that the ravages of the Beer power can be held in check and stayed by law, they will adopt it without question, and with half the fight necessary as it is. The Prohibitionists of these three states can make Prohibition general all over the Union in ten years. Will you do it?

In the other states the winter should be improved in organizing for the fight that is before them. There should be a strong temperance organization in every town or township. The people should be awakened to the necessity of action, the Legislatures should be petitioned for the privilege of voting upon Prohibition amendments, and public sentiment should be aroused to the point of showing the enemies of sobriety that there is a leaven at work that means something. The more the subject is discussed the more will Prohibition sentiment be developed. There is nothing like making a show of strength. There are everywhere thousands of timid souls who believe in it, and who only need the show of numerical strength to bring them out actively upon the side of right. There is everything in organization, everything in demonstrating power.

There is a great work to be done both in the Prohibition states and in those whose children are without legal safeguards, and this winter, while the people have time for discussion, when there is nothing else to distract their minds and no interests to divide them, is the time to strike the nail and clinch it. The partisan who declares for Prohibition this winter is likely to remain one next fall. This is the time to do something to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

CLUB AGENTS.

It is now the season of the year to raise clubs for the BLADE, and we want an agent at every postoffice in the United States. *We pay this year the largest cash commission to club agents of any paper in the United States.* Write for our terms to agents. There is no paper published that so many people want and none for which it is so easy to raise clubs. Send for our terms to agents and make a dollar or two in an hour.

MR. CLEVELAND should talk less of civil service reform, and carry it out better, especially in his own person. He certainly violated the spirit if not the letter of the civil service law when he sent $1,000 to the Democratic campaign fund in New York state, besides bringing himself under the definition of an "offensive partisan." Before he sent that $1,000 check, he should have read section 14 of the civil service law, which reads:

No officer, clerk or other person in the service of the United States shall directly or indirectly give or hand over to any other officer, clerk or person in the service of the United States, or to any senator or member of the House of Representatives or territorial delegate, any money or other valuable thing on account of or to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever.

IT is stated that at the recent election in Elmira, N. Y., the home of Gov. HILL, the Democrats started in by paying $10 per vote, and increased that figure so that from noon until the polls closed $20, $25, and $27 were paid in open market by HILL'S heelers. Honest men left the polls in disgust, and many hundreds of men in good circumstances took the money. This is a fair sample of Democratic "reform."

FROM its outbreak to November 11, there have been 2,641 deaths from the small pox epidemic in Montreal.

THE BURMESE WAR.

England having declared war against Burmah, the undoubted result of which will be the annexation of that country to India, it may be profitable to review the relations of England and the Burmese kingdom. Burmah was, some 60 years ago, much larger in territory than at present. In 1824 Great Britain had a war with the King, and absorbed a slice of Burmese territory, including the province of Aracan, on the east coast of the bay of Bengal. In 1852, as the result of another war, England annexed the provinces of Pegu and Tenasserim, to the south of Aracan, by these two wars obtaining control of all the Burmese territory on the shores of the bay of Bengal, and converting Burmah into an inland country.

The present trouble originated in this way: The Bombay and Burmah Trading Company is an English organization which leased large tracts of forest from the Burmese king. The latter made a demand for a large sum of money over and above the stipulated sum in the leases. The company refused to pay it, and the Burmese monarch was about to take summary measures to enforce its collection when the company appealed to the British government. A request was made by the latter, through Lord DUFFERIN, Viceroy of India, for an investigation of the additional claim of the Burmese government. King THEEBAW treated this request with contempt. An ultimatum was then sent by Great Britain, which demanded that the Burmese king must not only grant indemnity to the trading company, but that he must accept at Mandalay a British resident minister, to be maintained by a guard of 1,000 British soldiers; also that the resident should be permitted to wear boots in the presence of the king, which is in Burmah considered a mark of equality with the sovereign. THEEBAW refused to allow a guard of 1,000 men to the resident, as that would reduce him to the rank of a "nizam," which means a tributary of England, and allowed the time given for a favorable response—until November 10—to expire. Great Britain has now declared war.

Burmah covers about 200,000 square miles—thus being about five times the size of the state of Ohio—and has a population of 5,000,000. It is a fertile country, capable of supporting a much larger population than it now has. The French press is blustering over the English declaration of war, and when it is remembered that France has obtained a footing in Tonquin, and is endeavoring to open favorable commercial relations with Burmah, China, and neighboring states, the reason for this hostility to the British conquest of Burmah is apparent. The Irrawaddy is the great river of Burmah, and is navigable to about 50 miles of the Chinese boundary. It is the only one of the five great rivers flowing down from the Tibetan mountains that is practicable for commerce on any large scale, and it is manifestly destined to be one of the great trade routes of the world. Probably the fear of French influence in the future in Burmah is the main reason for England's taking the first opportunity which offered to plant herself firmly in that country. The London *Times* recently said editorially:

The establishment of another European influence in upper Burmah could be regarded by the English only with dismay. But with the trade routes in English hands would come not only trade but in time, not an alliance, but a friendly understanding between England and China—two countries whose interests are identical and whose enemies are the same.

THE favorite argument of the free trade shriekers is that the protective tariff so increases the cost of production of American manufactures that we cannot compete in foreign markets with free trade countries, notably Great Britain. Now, the iron and steel manufactures of the country are heavily and completely protected, and consequently manufactured goods of those materials should be so costly to produce in America as to preclude their sale in other countries, in competition with similar articles made in free trade England. We wish to call the attention of people in danger of believing this free trade argument to the fact that last year the United States exported 290 locomotives, costing three million dollars, in round numbers, for use on foreign railroads. We should like to know how this one fact can be explained consistently with the above mentioned free trade theory. To us, it is clear that these locomotives are cheaper, in proportion to their quality, than railway engines built in free trade England, else they would not find a market. And if this be true, as it undoubtedly is, what becomes of the free trade argument? As a contemporary says,

It requires that every fact in connection with a theory shall be consistent with its truth in order to establish its credibility, while a single inconsistent fact may demolish it.

THE pressure on the government to use the enormous surplus in the treasury for the liquidation of bonds and reduction of the national debt, having become too great to be ignored, we are told that this is against the policy of the treasury officials, it being held that "it is not good financiering to reduce a national debt which bears an interest of only three per cent. when the current rate is six per cent." If the government were in the business of borrowing money to lend it again, this argument would be good; but, as it is not, the advantage of paying three per cent. in preference to none at all is not clear to the ordinary mind. Every dollar of the debt that is paid saves the government just three per cent. interest, no matter whether the current rate be six or 60 per cent.

As an illustration of the workings of the tariff to foster industries and bring them to a point at which they can reduce the cost of a home manufactured article below the cost of the imported article, Congressman WEST, of Ballston, N. Y., one of the largest manufacturers of manilla paper in the country, says:

Although I pay 60 cents duty on alum, which enters largely into manilla manufacture, and which I can buy for 58 cents in Liverpool, free on board, and with duties on other items almost equal, and although I pay my men double the wages paid in English paper mills, yet paper is cheaper in New York than in London. That is the result of competition. It is true of news prints as well as manilla. Paper-makers have to do a large business on narrow margins to make any money.

RENEW your subscriptions in time to prevent a break in the receipt of the BLADE, and get at least one more to join you. We are determined to reach a circulation of 200,000 this winter if it is a possible thing. It looks now as if we should do it.

THERE are 15,000 people living in polygamy in Utah and the bordering territories.

THE MONGOL MIGRATION.

The Chinese question is one of the many important subjects on which Congress will be expected to legislate during the coming winter. The Mongolians are spreading steadily all over the land. The Pacific Coast is no longer the only sufferer from this new element of our population. Lately it is said that commissioners of the Six Companies have been sent East, to quietly negotiate with contractors and others employing large bodies of men for the introduction of Chinese labor on a large scale. There is to be another and a most perplexing factor introduced into our labor problem.

Already the laboring men of the land are aroused to the danger to their welfare from the importation of pauper labor from Europe. But the Hungarians and Italians who have been brought here by soulless corporations because they will work for wages which would not afford subsistence for self-respecting American laborers with their families, and all that will be likely to come in the future, are as a drop in the bucket compared with the swarms of almond-eyed Mongols who will overrun the land if there are not prompt measures taken to stop their coming. The present law is notoriously inefficient. The number of Chinese is constantly increasing in the United States, in spite of it.

It is time that the matter shall be looked into. This is not the immigration of a class of people capable of ready assimilation with the mass of Americans, as are Europeans, because the latter are the products of the same civilization. It is the irruption of an inferior race, of a civilization as different from ours as darkness is different from light. The Chinese who come to these shores are from a class looked upon with contempt by the educated and refined of their own land. They are born hewers of wood and drawers of water; they have not within themselves the ambition to rear homes, to elevate themselves, to rise to higher mental and social planes. They are ready and quick to learn, industrious, contented with their lot so long as they can earn what will suffice for their desires. They can subsist on food on which a Caucasian laborer would starve, they herd together in the meanest lodgings, wear the cheapest clothing, and have no aspirations to better their condition. And, withal, they are, if the universal voice of the whites of the Pacific Coast can be believed, addicted to forms of vice that are as yet unknown here, and rejoice in depths of depravity to which the worst vices of our civilization are merely venial.

An English economist, writing upon the vexed question of labor, says:

The first step towards an amelioration in the condition of the working classes, is security against the competition of those among whom a lower style of living, inferior diet, dress, and houses are habitual. This is the only true and solid foundation for measures tending still further to better the condition of the work classes—the bulk of the nation. Without this foundation you are building on a shifting sand. But this foundation, once secured and irrevocably laid, other measures, tending still further to better the condition, not only of the working classes, but of their employers, and withal to augment industry and increase wealth faster than ever, becomes possible and easy.

The situation of the American workingman, brought into direct competition with the Chinese, is hopeless. He must live as do these people, or he must go to the wall in the struggle. He cannot live in their way. If the matter be one of wages simply, the Chinese will win the day. But there is more to the question than this single point. It would be contrary to sound national policy to allow the incursion of a race of people who are morally pariahs, who have not the qualifications which would make them safe or desirable citizens, but who possess racial qualities which make them formidable, and in the end successful competitors with the working masses of the American people.

A LIVE ISSUE.

The rejoicing Democrats, discussing the elections in New York and Virginia, assume that the Republican party is convinced thereby that the so-called "bloody shirt" issue—the demand for a free ballot and an honest count in the South—must be abandoned by it as an issue. We are unable to appreciate the force of their argument. It does not follow that because wrong may be triumphant, that the cause of the right shall be abandoned. The sentiment of the masses is always with the right, and it but needs to have them thoroughly understand the facts of a given case to be sure that their verdict will be on the side of right and justice, rather than on that of force and fraud.

The elections in the two states named have not changed the facts in the matter. It is still true that that in several states and parts of states—Hamilton county, Ohio, is an example of the latter—there are not fair and honest elections, and the "official" result does not express the true voice of a majority of the voters at the ballot-box. It is still true that in a number of the Southern states the white minority rules by systematic fraud and practical suppression of the colored vote. It is still true that CLEVELAND holds his seat by the electoral votes of states whose elections were prostituted in this manner. It is still true that there were Congressmen chosen last year, who will take their seats the first Monday in December, whose title thereto is tainted by the same fraud. It is true also that there was much of fraud in the recent election in Virginia.

The Republican position in this matter is the proper one. It is in favor of the absolute purity of elections, and the rule of the majority, no matter which side may be triumphant. It denounces fraud at the polls, whether in Ohio or Mississippi, in Illinois or in Virginia. To admit that there is any cause sufficiently potent to excuse any deviation from this cardinal doctrine, is to open the door for class rule, for the domination of one element over the whole people. It makes clear the way for the subversion of free government, and for gradually turning the country into an aristocracy, instead of a republic. This has been the rock on which all the republics of history have foundered; it is the great danger always confronting a popular government. The Republican party can never abandon its position on this matter without ceasing to be worthy the support of the people.

NEWS comes from South Carolina that the demand for Confederate bonds has again been renewed, and a large quantity of them are being purchased by Charleston and Columbia brokers, for $1.75 per $1,000. One broker, on being interrogated, stated that he could furnish no further information but the fact that the bonds were purchased to fill an order from Richmond. His order, he said, was not limited as to amount; he was simply instructed to buy all bonds that were offered at $1.75 per $1,000.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Read This Carefully.

The Holiday Season is approaching and to secure good and appropriate presents at a low price is an object. We call especial attention to the articles we furnish our readers for this purpose.

What more appropriate present can a mother make to her daughter, or a brother to his sister, or a young man to his sweetheart, than Miss Bouton's two excellent books, "Health and Beauty," and "Social Etiquette?" Every girl and woman in the country should have them, and they are very appropriate for Holiday presents.

"Nasby in Exile" is a good and proper present for any one. It is a most entertaining and instructive volume of travels, and will please any recipient.

"Andersonville, a Story of Southern Prisons," is a book which should be in the home of every loyal citizen. It is a fascinating work, and as true as it is fascinating.

The "Life and Deeds of Grant" should be in every house. Every boy should read the struggles and achievements of the greatest man the world has seen for centuries. It is the best life of the great patriot and general ever written.

"Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" is the most useful book for the house ever printed. It is admirably adapted for presents where the design is to give something of permanent value.

There is nothing more grateful to receive than a fine work of art which will be a permanent adornment to the home. Our steel engraving of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is the finest work of the kind ever made, with one exception. It is found on the walls of every lover of true art in the country, and is universally admired. No more appropriate holiday gift can be made than this beautiful picture.

And then our Waterbury Watch! Every boy wants a watch, and every man wants one. This is as good a timepiece as any made, no matter at what price, and it costs almost nothing.

These articles we are selling solely for the accommodation of our readers and not for the profit that is in them, consequently we have put them down to just the cost to us.

Now what we want to say is this: There is always a rush a week before Christmas for goods suitable for presents. Please avoid this by ordering at once what you want. Read the advertisements of goods under the head of "Publisher's Department," and also in the advertising columns on the 5th page. And then study the propositions we make, and avail yourselves of them safely by ordering at once. Don't wait till the week before Christmas, but send in your orders now. Notice especially the combinations with the BLADE, and order together, if you can. By the way, the BLADE for a year to some poor friend who cannot afford to take it, would be very useful and acceptable for a holiday remembrance. Read our announcements and advertisements, and do yourself good.

THE NEW POOL.

A new railway federation is announced—a pool of much wider scope than any previous combination, as it not only embraces the great trunk lines of the country, but is to be extended to their connecting lines and branches. It was a necessity that something should be done to stop the cutting of rates and frequent railway wars, which were rendering the roads of the country a non-paying investment. Though doubts are expressed as to whether this new combination will be any more enduring than its predecessors, it seems to us that, with possible modifications, the plan will prove reasonably permanent, at least until there is a complete revival of all kinds of business, and consequently a large increase in railway receipts. At present the instinct of self-preservation will hold the roads to the agreement pretty closely.

It is probable that in the long run the country at large will be benefitted if the agreement is closely adhered to. It concerns the vast army of investors whether the $1,500,000,000 invested in railroads in the United States are making or losing money; and it no less concerns the producers, and the business men of the country, even to the most remote villages, whether transportation rates shall be uniform and fixed, for if they are not, one part of the country is discriminated against and another for, and in that case the sections in which cheap rates prevail are given great advantages over those in which rates are higher. It is impossible to satisfactorily or safely make time contracts while railroad rates are going up and down as arbitrarily as the mercury. Fixed, uniform and remunerative charges are as essential to the success of trade as to the prosperity of railroad stock and bondholders.

The outline of the plan so far made public is, that the great trunk lines of the country bind themselves to the terms of the federation, and also agree to so bring their influence to bear upon all their feeders and minor connecting lines as to bring them into harmonious agreement therewith. The entire railway system of the country is to be brought into a grand combination of all transportation interests, and heavy cash deposits have been made to secure observance of the agreement by the contracting lines.

THE free trade journals are felicitating themselves on the presence at the recent Chicago pow-wow of a number of manufacturers. Their presence is easily explained. They are men who want to reduce the wages of their workmen to the English starvation standard, and those who see that they can make more money if the duty on raw materials should be abolished. We note that the discussions of the conference did not embrace the question as to how the producers of raw materials—the wool growers, the iron miners, etc.—are to be benefited by the proposed change, which means that raw materials produced here will have to be sold at lower prices, to meet foreign competition.

JUDGE MARTIN, of Kansas, in an exhaustive opinion, has decided that the prohibitory liquor laws of that state are constitutional, and that the sections permitting a sale of liquor by druggists under certain restrictions, is not class legislation, and is, therefore, not in contravention of the federal constitution. For this reason he refused to grant a motion transferring the causes before him to the federal court for adjudication on that point.

ACCORDING to the November crop report the present crop of corn is the first full average in rate of yield since 1880, while the hay crop, which it was at one time thought would be a failure, is nearly as large as that of last year.

CHICAGO has decided to hold a great world's fair in that city in the year 1892 the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by COLUMBUS.

IT is said that the lead mines of England are giving out. Within a few years 169 mines have been closed and 30,000 men thrown out of employment.

NASBY.

[illegible] supposed he would veto such a Bill [illegible]ed. I believe if the old soldiers would [illegible] and work together as they did during [illegible]war that they could govern this coun[illegible] and the "Johnny Reb" would have to [illegible]a back seat, for only in union is there [illegible]gth.

[illegible] A., Co. C, 44th New York, Mason, Mich.:

I have often thought when reading the [illegible]rs in the CAMP FIRE, I would "fall in" [illegible] ranks with the others, but as I did not [illegible] the exact movements of each corps, [illegible]ivision, brigade, regiment any company, [illegible] what all the officers said and did in any [illegible] the engagements that I took a hand in, I [illegible]ought best to let those who do know all [illegible] particulars of each fight tell the story. I [illegible] saw a letter in the CAMP FIRE some time [illegible]ago, from a comrade of the 83d Pennsylva[illegible]nia, who spoke of the fight at Laurel Hill, [illegible]near Spottsylvania, and did not know [illegible]what regiment beside the 83d made that [illegible]charge. I was surprised at that, the more [illegible]so as it was the same regiment that camped [illegible]with the 83d on Hall's hill in '61. I was on [illegible] the "Peninsula," at Yorktown and Hanover [illegible]C. H., through the seven-days fight, at the [illegible]second Bull Run, the Maryland campaign, [illegible]Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Get[illegible]tysburg, where, some historians say, our [illegible]brigade, under Col. Vincent of the 83d was [illegible]detached by Gen. Warren acting without [illegible]orders, and rambled up onto Little Round [illegible]Top just in time to prevent the Union army [illegible]from being cut in two and possibly defeated. I [illegible]say say it was the same regiment that, [illegible]with the 16th Michigan, was with the 35th [illegible]Pennsylvania from the time they were [illegible]brigaded together in 1861 until those of the [illegible]83d, who had not re-enlisted and were alive, [illegible]came home in the fall of 1864. I think by [illegible]this time that if the 83d sees this he will [illegible]recognize the 44th New York as the regiment he didn't know. The 12th, 17th and [illegible]44th New York, with the 83d Pennsylvania [illegible]and 16th Michigan, formed the 3d brigade, [illegible]1st division, 5th corps at the time the army [illegible]of the Potomac was organized. The 20th [illegible]Maine was added in 1863, and the 13th and [illegible]17th New York were two-year regiments [illegible]and were mustered out in 1863.

In the spring of 1864 we started out with [illegible]360 muskets May 3, and struck the Johnnies [illegible]May 5, and after the affair at Laurel Hill, [illegible]when the stragglers had all reported, 120 [illegible]neither killed nor wounded could be ac[illegible]counted for. The night before Laurel Hill [illegible]one. This is as good a timepiece as any [illegible]we marched all night through the scrub [illegible]made, no matter at what price, and it costs [illegible]spine and thickets of the Wilderness, and [illegible]almost nothing. the boys were just cooking their coffee [illegible]for breakfast when we were ordered to fall [illegible]in, and we started to drive an alleged squad [illegible]of cavalry from the hill. As the two regi[illegible]ments advanced up the long open slope, a [illegible]volley in the rear, which killed and [illegible]wounded several, told them that their sup[illegible]port were in good supporting distance, and [illegible]a heavy fire of musketry from both flanks [illegible]and in front, indicated that the little cav[illegible]alry force was occupying an extended line. [illegible]The most of the boys who were not hit, got [illegible]up to the works, or nearly there, and one [illegible]known as "Heenan," in company H, act[illegible]ually got upon the works, and, emphasiz[illegible]ing his remarks with clubbed gun, informed [illegible]Longstreet's command that "now they [illegible]would die, every —— one of them." This [illegible]threat could not be accomplished, however, [illegible]without considerable difficulty, as the reb[illegible]els numbered at least one hundred to our [illegible]one, and the next thing to be thought of [illegible]was getting back. The most of the boys [illegible]tried it, and a few got through all right, [illegible]some were captured, and were retaken by [illegible]Gen. Curtis's command the next day. After [illegible]the four day's fighting, commencing May 5, [illegible]exactly two-thirds of the 44th were killed, [illegible]wounded, or missing.

Awarding the $100,000.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

W. Jones, of the 5th Iowa cavalry, would like to know through the CAMP FIRE how it came that the 4th Michigan cavalry and Co. M, of the 5th Iowa cavalry, received the $100,000 for the capture of Jeff Davis. Although not engaged in the pursuit and capture of Davis, I will try and answer Mr. Jones's question by quoting from "Michigan in the War:"

"A commission was appointed by the war department which decided that the 4th Michigan cavalry was entitled to the reward for the capture of Davis, and directed how it should be distributed. But when the appropriation came before Congress a claim was set up by the 1st Wisconsin cavalry which deferred the passage of the bill from time to time until the close of the session, July, 1868, when the bill authorizing the expenditure was finally passed. The claim of the 4th Michigan cavalry was ably advocated by the Michigan delegation, but the matter was so managed by Congress that the award of the commission, so far as the money question was concerned, was set aside and the amount distributed as follows: Gen. Wilson, commanding U. S. cavalry in that region of country, $3,000; Lieut. Col. Pritchard, 4th Michigan cavalry, $3,000; Col. Harnden, 1st Wisconsin cavalry $3,000; Capt. Joseph A. Yoeman, 1st Ohio covalry, $3,000. The remainder of the $100,000 was distributed equally to the members of the organizations then with the expedition. The 4th Michigan gained a national reputation and a world-wide notoriety by the capture of Davis. It was the accomplishment of an eminently special and important duty for the nation, so distinctive and definite in its character as to render a like service impossible, giving it a place in the history of the war without a parallel."

P. M. WATERS, Co. G, 13th Mich.
Climax, Mich.

Last Fight of the Monitor.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

In my last letter in describing the last voyage of the Monitor, I stopped at the point where Capt. Bunkhead had given the signals of distress—signals which were promptly answered by the Rhode Island. One of the hawsers which had stood the brain of the terrible storm had parted about 7 o'clock in the afternoon, the other still held. After a short consultation among the officers, volunteers were called for to perform the dangerous task of cutting the remaining hawser. Two men, unknown to me, volunteered to hazard their lives for the safety of the many. Creeping to the bent they held on by one hand and with the other cut through with a small hatchet the strong hawser. Strike followed stroke, and the sea dashed over them, but still they held on. Breathless the crew watched them and suppressed cheer was heard as the line parted asunder. One of the men came back to the crew, but his brave mate went down, as did more than one poor fellow that day.

The Monitor was now brought under the lee of the Rhode Island. Boats were lowered, and the dangerous work of rescuing the crew commenced. Over the deck of the Monitor ironclad heavy seas were breaking in quick succession, and as the Rhode Island neared us her paddle wheel was rendered useless, the cut hawser having become in some way entangled in it. It was a dangerous moment, and upon a few second's work the lives of many depended. It seemed at first that the iron prow of the Monitor must go through the Rhode Island's side, but it had that occurred all would have found a watery grave, and the account I am writing it would never have been written. But to the inexpressible joy of all, the useless paddle wheel was righted, and the Rhode Island swung around to a safe distance. It was now nearly midnight. The ship was rapidly sinking. The captain looked at his watch, then at the raging sea, then at the white faces of the crew. By our side lay the broken launch wrecked by the contact of the two boats. The pumps had ceased working, the fires were extinguished, and the chances of escape were becoming less every moment. The Monitor rolled heavily in the trough of the sea, and Bunkhead let go the anchor which brought her head to the wind. The work of saving the crew was watched by the officers, some of whom did not men's work on that fearful evening. How awful the descent from the turret to the boat of the rescuing party. Cool heads and strong hands saved many, but many went down. One of the sailors, I supposed one of the bravest, strongest and strongest of whom I know by no better name than "Honest Jack," descended just before me, and the scene is one which I shall always remember. I watched his every move with the deepest solicitude, for I knew that his chances were better than my own. But no, a wave struck him and swept him down the deck. He made a leap for the iron floor, and went down.

IF you like the course of the BLADE extend its circulation. It is very easily done. Everybody likes the paper, except those whom it is opposing, and their denunciations please us just as much as the commendations of our friends. We are trying to do some good in the world.

DREADFUL scandals, exceeding all those revealed by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have come to light the past week at Valenciennes and in Paris. This has somewhat checked the satiric exuberance of the French journalists who had been moralizing over the hypocrisy of England.

THE total revenues of the postoffice department for the last fiscal year were $42,560,843; expenditures, $49,317,188; excess of expenditures over revenue, $6,756,385. Two-cent postage is credited with the greater part of the deficiency.

CURRENT EVENTS

Disciples of the mind cure in Boston are to erect for Mrs. Eddy a church on the back bay costing from $60,000 to $100,000.——Col. Corkhill explains that he had Guiteau's brain examined after the execution, by experts, who pronounced it sound. The body was stolen from the grave afterward.——Bartholdi, the French sculptor, has arrived in Washington with two models for a monument to be erected in that city in honor of Lafayette.——Rev. Joseph Jefferson Hill, a widely known Methodist divine, is dead, at Lebanon, O.——Dr. William O. Redmond, one of Kentucky's oldest practitioners, is dead

THE FREE TRADE CONFERENCE.

The much talked of conference of tariff reformers—which was really a free trade congress—was held in Chicago last week. We note that the opening paper is on the topic, "The Tariff in its Relation to Farmers." It speaks well for the courage of these gentlemen that they are ready to approach a matter in which the facts and the solid argument are against them. The protectionist and the common sense view is that the home market is more profitable for farmers than a foreign one, and that the rapid growth of our industries, under the fostering influence of the tariff, is building up in every city, every town, every village, manufacturing establishments whose employes are consumers of the products of the farm, and whose custom pays better than that of foreign countries. Let us look at this matter a little.

About 92 per cent. of the wheat, corn, beef, pork, and all other farm products of the United States is consumed in this country, leaving only 8 per cent. to find a market in other lands. The free trade view of manufacturing is that if we, paying fair wages to our mechanics, our workmen, our thousands of employes in all industrial establishments, cannot manufacture as cheaply as European countries, paying starvation wages to their employes, then we should not manufacture at all, but be simply producers of raw material—of wool, of cotton, and of the thousand and one things used in the manufacture of what our people need. This would turn our manufacturing population, which is now a population of consumers, into an additional number of producers. If they can no longer find work at their handicrafts, they must necessarily turn to agriculture, and become laborers, taking up the still unoccupied lands of the West. The farmers, with their numbers thus augmented, must then look to a foreign market for a much greater proportion of their products than at present.

Now comes in a point that the free traders never touch upon, if they can help it. The price the former receives for his grain, cotton, pork, beef, and other products, sold to be exported, is what there is left after all the expense by rail and steamer, commissions to middlemen, insurance and other incidentals of transportation are calculated and deducted from the price in Europe. This, roughly estimated, amounts to about one quarter or one-third of the total price, which is fixed for him by the price which they bring in Europe. The amount of this tax in the aggregate may be estimated by the amount gathered up every year by the many lines of steamers plying between this country and Europe annually, which is estimated at something more than $150,000,000, of which perhaps one third comes from passengers, leaving, say, $100,000,000 freight, mainly the products of the farm—and in a much less degree—what the farmer buys. In a very large measure all these grand lines of steamers are supported and paid for by the American farmer, to whom they are merely the conveyances by which he reaches the European market with his products.

The farmer is thus brought into direct competition with the farmers of England, France, Germany, and other European countries. They find at their doors a market for their products. Take England, for example. The products of the farm are consumed at home. In the civilized world there is no other country where the prices are so high. The products of agriculture do not go out of the country. A home market, a home manufacture, a self-sustaining country, no tax for transportation—these are the causes of the great value of land—they show why the land owner is so independent, and holds such an enviable position in the popular estimation. Few realize how great has been the progress of this country towards the same state of things in the last twenty-five years. Only about a tenth of the wheat crop is now sent abroad. All the rest is consumed at home. A less proportion of other productions, except cotton and perhaps pork, possibly is exported. All that we need is maintenance of our protective policy until we have no need of a foreign market for our farm products. Yet a few years, at our present rate of progress, and there will be a home consumption for mainly all except cotton, and the immense tax for transportation, the heaviest of all for the American farmer, will be saved. We will export manufactured goods, and not food products and raw material.

THE GALVESTON FIRE.

The fire yesterday in Galveston burned over an area of about 100 acres, destroying over 400 houses, and more than that number of families are rendered homeless. The greater portion of these are poor persons, who have thus all their worldly possessions swept out of existence. The buildings were nearly all constructed of pine, and the flames, fanned by a gale blowing from 30 to 60 miles per hour. The fire began at 1:40 a. m. and burned until 9 o'clock. The value of houses destroyed is estimated at $1,500,000, not counting their contents; the insurance is $980,000. Fortunately no lives were lost. The fire was confined to the residence portions of the city. Had the business houses been in the track of the fire, the loss would have been many times greater.

Galveston, the chief city of Texas, is situated at the northeastern end of Galveston Island. This island is 28 miles long, and from 1¼ to 3½ miles wide, intersected by small bayous, with many fresh water ponds. Its famous beach, bordering the entire island, is smooth and hard, and forms a pleasant drive and promenade. The surface of the island is only a few feet above the level of the gulf. Galveston contained about 23,000 inhabitants by the census of 1880, but has grown rapidly since, and its population is now estimated at from 30,000 to 35,000. Since the war the city has been noted for its business importance, and its commerce is much larger than would be supposed from its population.

Its exports, of which cotton is the largest item, were $18,000 last year. Some 500 vessels engaged in the coasting trade and 300 engaged in the foreign trade, with a total capacity of 700,000 tons, annually visit the harbor, which is one of the best on the coast. It has daily lines of steamers to New Orleans (340 miles eastward) and other Southern cities, a weekly line to New York, and a semi-monthly line to Liverpool. It is a commanding railroad center, with lines leading to all parts of Texas and the South and Southwest. The people are going energetically to work to repair the disaster wrought by the fire, and with the generous aid that is being extended, the suffering will be reduced to a minimum.

Correspondence.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will use them, if available; if not, they will be returned only if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter preserve ANY MSS., and we will NOT be responsible for any sent us.

Some Observations.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In reply to Observer No. 2 I will say that I do not wish to be understood to say that we are all without faults. I merely affirm what I said before, that it is not the wife's fault if her husband's drinks. If it is, you must admit man is weak-minded. Did you ever see a woman that had any self-respect, flee to the saloon, when she had any little trouble at home? No, sir, she will go to her work with more vigor and rise above her difficulties. Again you say that my husband must be the kind of man I pictured. No, sir, he is what is termed a model man; he neither drinks, smokes, nor chews, is at home in the evening, and does not keep a lock on his purse either, but it is not for ourselves that I took the pen, but to speak of, or to No. 2. He tries to make us believe that we can make a husband just what we please. Observation will show differently. Show me a man that does as his wife wants him to, and I will show you one that is termed a henpecked husband, and it is this very term, that they are in dread of, so they take the reverse, and play the master. Now I have been in a good many families, and almost invariably the wife is obliged to ask for money, which is just as much hers as his, and in nine cases out of ten he asks, "What do want of it? What have you done with that dollar I gave you the other day?" It is enough to cause one to blush that things are so. There are exceptions to this rule as there are to all others. Now, if I step on No. 2's toes, do not flinch, *it is all on paper.* We think home is as much what a man makes it as what his wife makes it. It remains for both to make it pleasant. When the wife is tired out, is it any more for the husband to try to lighten her cares of an evening, than for her to bear all her burdens alone? But he says: "I have been confined to the shop or behind the counter all day, and must have a change, and can't be bothered amusing wife and the little ones." Off he goes, and his wife will follow the same routine day after day, and he never seems to think she needs a change, and she has only the grave to look to for relief. Is it any wonder that Observer No. 1 had one application for poison? The wonder is he does not have one every day. ANOTHER OBSERVER.

Lombard, Ills.

Meteors.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I saw an article in the BLADE recently, giving some information on the supposed origin of meteors, and the subject is so interesting that I thought a few more remarks in that direction would not be out of order. In this part of the country seems to be a favorite resort of the aerial visitors, two having taken up their abode with us within the last two years. The one mentioned in your article as having fallen in Western Pennsylvania happened to be in this vicinity. It ended its long journey on Saturday, about 4 o'clock, and created a good deal of excitement. It varied in size according to the different degrees of excitability possessed by the observers. Its flight was attended with a noise or succession of noises equal to one of our heaviest cannon, and was distinctly heard for a distance of twenty miles. Two years ago, about 10 o'clock on a November evening, a huge fiery mass of indescribable grandeur passed through the sky in a westerly direction that lit up the earth as light as day. It was attended by a noise similar to that produced by the movement of a railroad train. It came to the earth about fifteen miles distant. Some little distinction is needed in the descriptions of these bodies. The proper name to that portion that reaches the earth is aerolite, while the great body from which it is but a broken fragment, moves on, and is termed meteorite. These bodies move through the air with a speed varying from 200 to 1,200 miles per minute. The aerolite is always in a very hot condition when it reaches the earth. This is accounted for by their great velocity through the atmosphere, which evolves heat by friction till the mass becomes inflamed at its surface, while its combustion generates gases that expand and produce explosions.

M. J. K.

The Temperance Work in Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I write these few lines to you to let the public know how prohibition reigns in Macon county, Mo. For the last sixteen years we have been struggling hard against intemperance, and have failed to accomplish much, but hope to abolish the saloon trade next spring in this county.

Bevier, Macon county, should have got rid of the demon, intemperance, last spring, had not some of the most highly and respected men of that little town signed their names to the petitions, and church members also. What do you think of such men of God?

They do not have much love for their Creator whom they pretend to worship. I would that these men had to suffer what some poor wives and mothers suffer with their children, and then they would not be so ready to sign petitions for the sale of intoxicants. The time will come when they will repent of this.

When I visited Iowa last summer I thought that I would get rid of drunken men for I knew that I was in a Prohibition state, but to my amazement and sorrow I saw as many drunken men there as in Missouri, and they were hanging on the bar and calling for "Dutch and Irish," such names they had for beer and whiskey. What a shame that this should be; I don't blame the saloon-keeper nor the men that buy it so much as I blame the officials of the county and state. They are the ones that should be punished not the man that sells or the consumer, and if such a law was passed by the temperance workers of Iowa, the same as it ought to be, king alcohol would soon perish.

I wish that the country was full of such people as some we have in Macon county. There are 75 flourishing lodges in Macon county, and they are going to make things lively for the lovers of liquor. Next spring, look out ye lovers of alcohol.

A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

Bevier, Mo.

They Like the Blade in Iowa.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We have taken the BLADE for three months, but in that time it has become such a welcome visitor that we all pronounce it the best paper that ever came to our house. We like every part of it, but above all we like the sturdy, manly and earnest blows it is dealing in the cause of temperance. The course you have taken on this question must have cost you many subscribers, but will not the temperance people of the United States see that this loss is made up many times over? I think they will. We have four boys, and three are old enough to understand the pledge, and all are ready to sign and become members of the grand army of temperance workers.

Poor old uncle "Nasby!" We look for his letters almost the first thing. Oh, how our heart goes out in sympathy to him in his hour of affliction. But we are hoping in each letter to learn that he has been released, and when that happens if he will let us know we will go right over to the Cross Roads and help pitch that darkey out again, if we have to throw him clear over the state line. ALFRED MCMAINS.

Chariton, Ia.

Mrs. S. D. Fower's book, "Fruit Pastes, Syrups and Preserves," is one of the most valuable works for women on farms that has ever been published. It contains full and explicit directions for making delicacies of fruits that everybody wants, but which, as fruit is handled now, is unattainable. It is a very useful and very practical work, and contains matter that every house-wife who has fruit ought to know, and will find great profit in knowing. Enclose 25 cents to Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, Mass., and secure a copy of it.

Rheumatism.

There is no disease known to medical science that has given the profession so much trouble as rheumatism, and there is no complaint that is so painful or difficult to cure. Hence the great delight we feel in announcing the discovery of a medicine that not only cures promptly but permanently. It is called Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, and no one knows better than the editor of this great weekly paper, what its real merits are. It is taken internally because rheumatism is a disease of the blood and can only be reached by a medicine that acts directly on the system as this does. The price is one dollar a bottle or six bottles for five dollars. Before you buy write for our free 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

How to Buy a Piano or Organ Cheap.

Address the old and well known music house of S. Brainard's Sons, 145 and 147 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., for full particulars, and state whether you wish a piano or organ. Bargains sure and no risk to purchasers.

Discussing of a Democratic Appointment.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Please permit an old subscriber and a Democrat to speak a few words through your paper respecting the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Curry, of Richmond, Va., minister to Spain, as there seems be considerable discussion about the propriety of such an appointment, and from all the light which has been received, and from all that has been said, I offer the following objections: First—If he is an ambassador for Christ, he cannot throw off the responsibility of performing the labor that his Master has commissioned him to do, by exchanging that Divine commission and accepting one from man, without committing sin and bringing himself under condemnation, and if he has never received a Divine commission he must have been a hypocrite many years, and this alone ought to condemn him. Second—Having been a Confederate officer does not necessarily endear him in the hearts of the people in preference to those who wore the blue. Convincing a man against his will, ten to one he remains the same man still, and all the love he possesses for the conquering and ruling power is all that he can make out of it. But some of my Democratic friends are saying, in order to justify the appointment, that it is no worse, nor even as bad, as the Republicans have made. Look at Longstre et, Mosby and others. But they are forgetting how much capital our Democratic speakers tried to make upon that very thing last fall, and condemning the Republicans for so doing. Now it seems a little cheeky, at least, to try to justify like appointments, unless you conclude that two wrongs make a right. In conclusion, I wish not to add or diminish one laurel which the new minister has won or is entitled to wear, but fail to see the propriety of honoring such a man in preference to such a true man as Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, and scores of others that might be mentioned.

B. F. JOHNSTON.

Almont, (no state.)

Pulverize the Chinese.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The Chinese are coming East, and what will be the result? Must honest white laborers stand back and make room for these wretches, or will they be driven out as they have been on the Pacific coast? Why not prevent their coming East and save a repetition of Rock Springs? We are cursed by pauper labor now, and it is one cause of the strikes and trouble among our laboring classes. Prevent their coming East by some means. We have our hands full trying to "pulverize the rum power." We don't want to have to "pulverize the Chinese." W. H.

Mooreville, Iowa.

DR. R. C. FLOWER

OF BOSTON.

His Final Visit to the Great West.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT IN HIS PRIVATE CAR.

STOPPING AT VARIOUS PLACES

SEEING PATIENTS ON THE WAY.

We have so frequently spoken of Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, and his practice, that our readers are already familiar with his name and fame. The number of his patients, the enormity of his work, and his professional triumphs have placed him at the head of the practice, and at a point where his friends say he has not and never can have a rival.

It is said of Dr. Flower that his practice is greater and his practice more numerous by thousands than those of any physician on earth; that he has attained such success and made such a reputation, that there is not an honor in the patients he has not earned, and that, do what he might, he could scarcely add a laurel to those already won in his profession.

It is said that in desperate cases, when others fail and life is despaired of, he shows his skill and power as at no other time, and that he has snatched thousands from the grave, and tens of thousands from beds of suffering.

One peculiar feature in Dr. Flower's practice is that he never asks a person his ailment, but can tell any one as soon as he sees him his disease.

Dr. Flower will shortly make a trip to the West, which will in all probability be his last visit to this section, his home practice being so great that notwithstanding he has the most ample and skillful assistance in the world, it is almost impossible for him to leave the East for even a short time.

Dr. Flower will make this extensive trip of over

Six Thousand Miles

in his private car, his family accompanying him; he will go as far west as Colorado, where he is called on important business; he will stop going and coming at the following places, where he may be consulted professionally:

Pittsburg, Pa., Hotel Monongahela, Thursday, November 12, 1885.
New Castle, Pa., Hotel St. Cloud, Friday, November 13, 1885.
Alliance, O., In the Car, Saturday, November 14, 1885.
Springfield, O., Hotel St. James, Monday, November 16, 1885.
Hamilton, O., Hotel Straub, Tuesday, November 17, 1885.
Logansport, Ind., Hotel Windsor, Wednesday, November 18, 1885.
Madison, Wis., Hotel Park, Thursday, November 19, 1885.
Mason City, Iowa, Hotel Dyer, Friday, November 20, 1885.
Fort Dodge, Iowa, Hotel Dancombe, Saturday, November 21, 1885.
Des Moines, Iowa, Hotel Kirkwood, Monday, November 23, 1885.
Creston, Iowa, Hotel Summit, Tuesday, November 24, 1885.
Council Bluffs, Iowa, Hotel Union Pacific, Wednesday, November 25, 1885.
Hastings, Neb., Hotel Bostwick, Thursday, November 26, 1885.
Newton, Kansas, Hotel Arcade, Wednesday, December 9, 1885.
Topeka, Kansas, Hotel Windsor, Thursday, December 10, 1885.
Davenport, Iowa, Hotel Kimball, Saturday, December 12, 1885.
Cleveland, Ohio, Hotel Stillman, Monday, December 14, 1885.

This will give an opportunity to thousands who are desirous of consulting this distinguished Boston physician to do so close to their own homes.

Chinese Wall Mottoes.

I visited a Chinese restaurant the other day, and a Chinaman, who speaks better English than most of us, translated for me the maxims on the walls. I do not know but that they are an improvement on "God bless our home."

"To be great one must study and become learned."

"Be discreet. Don't tell all you know, and thereby avoid stirring up strife."

"Don't carry gossip. Never tell tales out of school."

"Say what you mean and mean what you say."—*San Francisco Post.*

A party of desperadoes attacked the jail at Valentine, Neb., and released a cow-boy called "Frenchy," who was under arrest for the brutal murder of a homesteader.

Graveyards are full of people who believed they could be cured by dosing the system with poisonous drugs. If you are ailing and have tried medicine without being cured, do not be discouraged, but take advantage of the offer we make you. We will send you, on trial, one of our Electric Medicated Appliances to suit your case, provided you agree to pay for it if it cures you in one month. If it does not cure you, it costs you nothing. *Is not this a fair offer?* Different Appliances to cure DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, PILES, LUNG DISEASES ASTHMA, CATARRH, LAME BACK, AGUE, DEBILITY, and many other Diseases. Remember, we do not ask you to buy them blindly; but merely to try them, at our risk. 125,000 Cures made during 1884, in cases where all other treatments had failed. Prices very low. Illustrated book giving full particulars, and blank for statement of your case, sent free. Address, at once, Electric Pad M'f'g Co., 554 State St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1886.

The aim of the Companion is to provide the best matter for the instruction and entertainment of its subscribers. In pursuance of this purpose, we announce important accessions to its list of Contributors, that already includes nearly all the distinguished Authors of this country and Great Britain, and some of those of France and Germany. A few selections from the Announcements for 1886 are given below.

Illustrated Serial Stories.

A CAPITAL SERIAL FOR BOYS, by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
IRON TRIALS, a Thrilling Story, by GEO. MANVILLE FENN.
AN ANONYMOUS LETTER, by M. R. HOUSEKEEPER.
QUEER NEIGHBORS, by C. A. STEPHENS.
AWAY DOWN in Poor Valley. CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Adventures.

ARCTIC ADVENTURES, by Lieut. GREELY, U. S. N.
THE SLAVE CATCHERS of Madagascar, Lieut. SHUFELDT.
AMONG THE BREAKERS, by C. F. GORDON CUMMING.
CANADIAN ADVENTURES, by E. W. THOMSON.
ADVENTURES OF STOWAWAYS, by WM. H. RIDEING.
MY ESCAPE from Morro Castle, by JUAN ROMERO.
A BOY'S ADVENTURES in Montana, by JAMES W. TOWLE.
MY ADVENTURE with Road Agents, FRANK W. CALKINS.
EXPLOITS with Submarine Boats and Torpedoes in Naval Warfare, by T. C. HOYT.

Natural History.

INCIDENTS OF ANIMAL Sagacity, by REV. J. G. WOOD.
STORIES from the Fisheries, Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD.
DOGS WHO EARN THEIR LIVING, JAMES GREENWOOD.
STORIES of Old Trappers and Fur-Buyers, F. W. CALKINS.
AMUSING SKETCHES of Whale-Hunting, A. F. MYERS.
PERILS OF PEARL DIVING, by Col. T. W. KNOX.
THE ROGUE ELEPHANT, by W. T. HORNADAY.
THE KEEPERS OF THE ZOO: or Anecdotes about Animals, gleaned from the Keepers of the Zoological Gardens, London, by ARTHUR RIGBY.

Special Articles.

CHANCES FOR AMERICAN BOYS, by THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.
DRAMATIC EPISODES in English History, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
GLIMPSES OF ROUMANIA, by THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.
A MUSIC LESSON, by the Famous Singer, CHRISTINE NILSSON.
OBSCURE HEROES, by CANON FARRAR.
THE VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES, by WILKIE COLLINS.
THE SPEED OF METEORS, by RICHARD A. PROCTOR.
OUR FUTURE SHOWN BY THE CENSUS, by FRANCIS A. WALKER.
ADVICE TO YOUNG SINGERS, by CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.
ADVICE TO A BOY ENTERING COLLEGE, Four Papers, by President C. W. ELIOT, of Harvard University. President NOAH PORTER, of Yale College. President F. A. P. BARNARD, of Columbia College. Professor MOSES COIT TYLER, of Cornell College.

Useful and Practical.

BOYS WHO CAME FROM THE FARM, H. BUTTERWORTH.
VIOLIN BOWING—Buying a Violin, by ROBT. D. BRAIN.
LOCKS AND KEYS; or Wonders of Locksmiths, H. E. WILLIS.
SMALL STOCK-RAISING for Boys, by LEMUEL PAXTON.
SHORT-HAND AS A PROFESSION, H. W. GLEASON.
A YOUNG FOLKS' Shakespeare Club, Prof. W. J. ROLFE.
HOME-SEEKING IN THE WEST—Homesteading—How Land is Pre-empted—How to Secure Land by Tree Culture, by E. V. SMALLEY.

Entertaining.

ANECDOTES of John Marshall, by J. ESTEN COOKE.
A STORY of a Storm-Bound Train, by OSCAR KNOX.
EXPLOITS OF BICYCLISTS, by BENJ. F. SPENCER.
A RAW RECRUIT, and What Happened to Him, A. D. CHILDS.
STORIES OF LETTER-CARRIERS, T. W. STARKWEATHER.
THE PERILS of Precocious Children, Dr. W. A. HAMMOND.
A BOY at the Battle of Fredericksburg, THOS. S. HOPKINS.
THE "CRITTER BACK" REGIMENT, and Other Tales of Old Campaigns, by AMOS MURRAY.

Illustrated Sketches.

YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, by H. W. LUCY.
AMONG CANNIBALS, by JOSEPH HATTON.
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS BISMARCK, by MRS. E. M. AMES.
LORD TENNYSON AMONG HIS FAMILIARS, by BRAM STOKER.
FIGHTING THE ARCTIC COLD, by Lieut. SCHWATKA.
AN EDITOR'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WILD WEST, J. L. HARBOUR.
LIFE IN TURKEY, by the U. S. Minister to Turkey, Hon. S. S. COX.
TRICKS OF MAGIC and Conjuring Explained, by "PROF. HOFFMAN."
BITS OF TRAVEL in Southern California, by HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

The EDITORIALS on leading events at home and abroad will be fundamental in character, and marked in their impartial treatment of the subjects discussed. The CHILDREN'S PAGE will be a special feature, as heretofore, and will be filled with stories, jingles, and pictures adapted to the youngest readers.

FREE to Jan. 1, 1886 To any one who subscribes now, and sends us $1.75, we will send the Companion free from the time the subscription is received to January 1st, 1886, and a full year's subscription from that date. *Remit Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter.*

Subscription Price, $1.75 a year. Sample Copies Free. Please mention this Paper.

Address **PERRY MASON & CO.,** Publishers, 41 Temple Place, BOSTON, MASS.

The Enfant Terrible.

Some boys have the greatest knack of saying the most inappropriate things at the most appropriate times. Not long ago a young lady at the Normal School was giving a "body lesson" to a room filled with little children. In a "body lesson," it may be remarked, the teacher tells the children about their physical make-up, and gives them a few of the simplest rules of health. This particular teacher was telling about the ribs, and to make her remarks more forcible, she placed her hands where the ribs are supposed to be and asked:

"Now, children, what bones am I feeling?"

For moment there was silence, then a little fellow squeaked out:

"Please, ma'am, the whale bones."

Evidently that young man was not well informed, though he probably meant well enough, for whale bone has been crowded out by steel.

Attar of Roses.

Attar of roses is going up, $12 a pound being a recent quotation. Roumelia is the great seat of the rose culture in Europe, and the year's crop of leaves is abundant, but owing to the recent revolution the harvest has been greatly neglected, and that of next year will suffer no less.

Publishers' Column.

The Blade's Sewing Machine Enterprise.

We are not yet ready to mail the circulars concerning our new sewing machine, but shall be within a week or two. We are manufacturing the best machine on the market, which we shall sell without employing agents or middle men, direct to the people, for less than one half what the monopolists exact for a less valuable machine. We cannot now state the price exactly, but we are far enough along to know that it will not be higher than $18 and possibly a dollar or two lower.

We shall warrant the machine in every respect, so that no one will take any risk in purchasing.

All who contemplate the purchase of a Sewing Machine this fall or winter will please send us their addresses, that we may mail them full particulars as soon as we are ready. We have built a factory 200 feet in length, and 40 feet in width, which is filled with machinery of our own make, and we are making the best machine ever put before the public. We hope to be ready to ship machines by the middle of November and possibly sooner. All who want a reliable Sewing Machine at half the cost exacted by the Sewing Machine rings will please send us their address. You don't have to buy, but you will get valuable information concerning sewing machines. Address BLADE, Toledo, O.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Persons not subscribers to the BLADE and who may receive this number, are requested to examine it carefully. Of course if it pleases them we want their subscriptions. Look over the various departments and see whether anywhere you can get so much for the money.

Our terms are $1 a year, 80 cents for three months.

And please read the Publisher's Department on the fifth page, as well as advertisements elsewhere, and note the combination offers we make. Everything we advertise we guarantee, and you take no risk in availing yourself of anything we offer. Try the BLADE. Subscribe at once, and you will not be disappointed. It is beyond question the best family paper in the world, which statement 120,000 families will attest.

THE THREE GREAT GENERALS—GRANT, SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN.

We have published portraits of the three great Generals of the war, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, which are the best portraits of the heroes that have ever been put upon paper. John S. Kountz, late commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, says that our portrait of Grant is the best ever published, Sen. Sherman says that our portrait of his brother, the General, is the best and most life-like he has ever seen, and we know that the portrait of Sheridan was never excelled. We have printed these superb portraits on the finest plate paper, size 19 by 24, and will mail them to any address, post-paid, as follows:

Singly ..... 25 cents
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In combination with the BLADE—
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The Blade one year with all three 1 40
The Blade three months with either .. 40 cents
The Blade three months with all three 65 cents

We guarantee these portraits to be the best for the price ever printed, and they should be on the walls of every loyal family in the United States. No such portraits are sold by other publishers for less than from 50 cents to $1. We could not do it, except for the large sale we are certain to have.

Agents and others can make money selling these portraits. Write to us for special terms.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons for posting, the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketche filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 15; then the young soldier of 21; then the well-to-do-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

Our next Cartoon, which is now rapidly being mailed, is entitled, "Which way would you have your Girl Go?" It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

This is the title of our Temperance cartoon, No. 4. It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

We have made a price on them, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either ..... 5 cents.
Six copies ..... 10 cents.
Twenty-five copies ..... 30 cents.
One Hundred copies ..... One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

Send for the best catalogue of the best Business College, Shorthand, Penmanship and Telegraph School in the world. SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleveland, O.

EVERY BOY

wants a watch, and every boy can have one. $3.50 gives your boy a good watch and you get the BLADE one year thrown in. Remit $3.50 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and get the Waterbury watch for the boy and the BLADE one year for yourself.

PLAID SHAWL GIVEN AWAY!

Through the failure of a large manufacturer of **Cashmere Shawls**, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to ladies in the following manner. Send us 85 cents for **5 mos.** subscription to **Farm and Household**, a large 32-page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, Stories and general miscellany, and we will send you one of these beautiful **Shawls FREE** by mail postpaid, or we will send 2 shawls and 5 subscriptions to one address for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Hartford, Conn.

L.S.L.

Capital Prize, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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AND THE
Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, November 15, 1885.

Under the personal supervision and management of
GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

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Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

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600 "	100	60,000
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Read Carefully the Last Paragraph of this Advertisement.

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The following books are of our own publication, and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends, every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

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The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25.

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A Story of Southern Prisons, by John McElroy. This is the only correct history of Southern prisons ever written, and one of the most entertaining as well as truthful books ever published. Old price, $3.00; now, postpaid by mail, $1.25.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the cover.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. DO NOT interline. Write SIMPLY.

HOME TALKS.

STOP NOW AND CONSIDER.

I believe in economy always, but the word has its limitations as applied to individuals. What would be a very necessary and laudable economy for one who has an income of five hundred or a thousand dollars a year, becomes niggardliness in a person who has command of five or ten thousand. People are extravagant only when they spend beyond their means, and are selfish in their way of spending. To buy when one can do so without embarrassment, is only to help keep the wheels of industry in motion, for if everybody hoarded what he has in banks or elsewhere, and did not keep it in circulation, what progress could the world make in producing new and beautiful things, and whence would come the demand which keeps hands and brains busy? It is just as much the duty of an individual to spend in proportion to his means, as it is for him to make sure that he does not run beyond them into extravagance. For the wife of a millionaire to wear cheap, common clothing is not only out of place, but as absolute a wrong as for the wife of the day laborer to dress herself in silks and velvets, even could she manage to buy them. Parsimony deprives some human being of the bread that he is willing to earn if he has the opportunity.

It is not, however, of economy in the line of money that American women fail in most. Truth to tell, I think the number who will knowingly run beyond what their income warrants is comparatively small. Their sins in this direction are very often those of ignorance, because their husbands do not tell them any thing definite about their business, and what can or cannot be afforded. Either that, or because the growing about expenses is constant, whether purchases are a necessity or otherwise, the wife comes to believe that it means nothing anyway and is therefore indifferent to it always. In nine cases out of ten, did she know exactly what there was to spend she would keep within its limit. As a proof that what I say is true, ask any merchant and he will tell you that the woman who makes her own living, and handles her own money, is the most prompt in the settlement of her bills. She knows what her income is, and will not go beyond it.

To return. American women may be economical in their manner of living; they may make good bargains; they may dress in accordance with their circumstances; they may look out for the odds and ends, which, in housekeeping, as well as in business, if lost track of produce a wonderful leak; they may do all this, but in one thing the most of them are terribly profligal, and that is, of their own strength. They use up in one day quite as much, and often more, than nature has set apart for the purpose.

I want to repeat it, so as to impress it upon your minds: It is of your own physical strength that I am speaking. You do not economize in any way. You are anxious to lay up money to supply the wants of old age, but you take no thought about so conserving your bodily forces that your old age shall be vigorous. You use up in some way every particle of nervous force there is in your bodies, and then you wonder by and by why the vital powers begin to run low; why you cannot endure what you could a few years ago; and why life seems each day a weary burden which you can hardly carry.

It is your own fault. Economy of your strength is and has been all these years an unknown factor in your plans. Most of you act as if you had some never-failing spring of physical power, upon which you could draw at will. You will crowd into every twenty-four hours enough mental and physical exertion and excitement, to profitably and safely fill three times twenty-four hours, and by and by when the reckoning comes—as come it will—your health is wrecked, your power of usefulness is gone, and when life should be most serene and beautiful and worth having, it is dark and dreary and full of weariness.

So long as youth lasts you do not greatly feel this exhaustion of the physical forces, that is, your powers of recuperation are greater, yet every time you draw upon your strength to excess, you are obliged to go deeper and deeper into your vital resources in order to make repairs. And you never do get quite back to the old place, even though you are not conscious at the time of the fact. You find after a while that a night's sleep does not make you as good as new again, after "overdoing," but it takes another day of rest and night of slumber to enable you to get back your usual vigor.

You can not help it? I know that is true of some of you, that there are duties so absolute in their demands that you are compelled to do them so long as you are able to bear the strain, but by far the greater part could, an' ye would, diminish your burdens by a third. Social ambition in some cases,—the fear of not doing as your neighbor does,—a false idea of duty in others, a desire to accomplish much that would be pleasant to be able to do, the inability to say no to demands made upon time and energies, all of these things, singly or together, cause women to apply the lash when they find their physical powers lagging, and on they go until they fall down in their tracks.

It is all wrong. Stop right now and think of it. See what are the duties that must be done to-day, and what can wait. When you are tired, take some rest, if the sky falls. Do not fill up every moment of your working hours with exertion, going from one thing to another as if the world would cease to move if you suspended effort. If you were to die to-day it would go right on as if you had never been. Remember that, when you feel that so much must be done in a given time, whether you are able to do it or not. Choose the work that is nearest your hand, use some sense as to how far justice to yourself allows you to go, and let no ambitious motives or outside influence force you farther.

I cannot stop now to particularize, but there are a hundred ways in which women might economize their strength when they do not, until too late. I know from experience—and mine does not differ in degree from that of thousands and thousands of others—that a little thought, a good deal of determination, and some judgment as to what should be done, and what left undone, would make life much better worth the living to most women.

Men do the same thing. They use up their vital powers in a like rapid way, much faster than nature can make them. Result, softening of the brain, or paralysis. In women it is nervous exhaustion, leading to a host of evils, very often to insanity.

Middle life should be, for both men and women, the most fruitful in good works of any season. Then the follies of youth are past, a rich experience has been gained which a broad nature knows how to utilize to advantage; if the years have been improved their gathered treasures are ready to enrich the products of labor. It is essentially the golden harvest time of life, if the growing grain has not been aborted by hot-house forcing. Suppose, however, this maturity which should glow with well-directed endeavor is warped and weakened by broken physical forces, the result of their overtaxing in the years past, what then? Simply a weary dragging on of the days, from which enjoyment is banished because health is wanting; a premature decay of body and mind that precipitates into old age ere the natural hour arrives. Your children are grown, but you cannot enjoy their society. You have leisure to do good work, but the strength comes not at your bidding. Never were there so many beautiful things to look upon, but your eyes are dimmed by straining and the very effort to see is painful.

Let every woman who finds her vital forces failing, who is growing nervous, as well as always weary, whose chief longing is for rest of mind and body, who begins to feel that life is not worth the living, stop now and here. Cut off all expenditure of effort that is not an absolute necessity, and curtail that necessity as much as possible. I do not mean that you should give up your worthy aims and purposes, but be sure that you can devote yourself to them safely.

Remember this: It is as important that you should keep a reserve of physical power on hand for future draughts, as that you should provide in a money way for sickness, accident and declining years. Only so can you have any surety of living out your life as your Creator intended; only so can you glide safely, gradually, almost imperceptibly into that serene old age whose eyes are turned to the beautiful beyond though the feet linger yet a little season this side of the river.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Decoration.—Take a piece of linen one yard square. Ravel the four sides to make a fringe. An inch above that make a border of drawn work. Etch in the four corners pretty patterns in different colors, using the new linen flosses, or, if not those, the gay working cotton. This square is to be put on over the linen table cloth in the center, and upon it the center piece of flowers or fruit is to stand.

Another pretty decoration is made of three pieces of linen, each 12 inches square after they are hemmed. A row of hemstitching above the hems will be very pretty. Etch patterns in the center of two, and a rim around the third. Use that for the middle one and put one each side, sewing them together with insertion. Finish with a border of lace all around. This, too, is to be put in the center, its length going the long way of the table.

Some like better to have the etchings all one color. In that case any shade that will wash well may be chosen.

Sometimes two or three squares, finished separately, are used upon the table. These decorations are quite popular, and add to the beauty of the setting. They make pretty Christmas presents.

Skeleton Leaves.—Boil the leaves in equal parts of rain water and soft soap until you can separate the pulp from the fiber; take out the leaf with a fork, lay the leaf to be cleaned on glass, the upper side of leaf next to the glass; then, with a tooth-brush, remove all pulp and skin, turn the leaf and repeat the process. When thoroughly done put the leaf to bleach in this solution: 1 lb. sal soda dissolved in 5 pts. rain water; ½ lb. chloride of lime in 3 pts. water; allow 24 hours for the latter to dissolve. Strain off the sediment, and put the clear solution of lime into the solution of sal soda. The result will be a thick buttermilk solution, otherwise, the lime was not strong enough. Filter this until it is perfectly clear. For leaves, use one part of solution to one part of water; for ferns, use the solution full strength. When perfectly white, remove to clear water; let stand for several hours, changing two or three times; the last water should be a little blue; float out on paper; press in book when nearly dry. In mounting use muslage made of 5 parts of gum arabic, 3 parts of white sugar, 2 parts of starch, add a very little water, and boil and stir until thick and white.—ORVA MANNING.

To Make a Counterpane.—Take unbleached muslin; thread a large needle with bleached cotton, double it three times as you can get it through the eye of the needle; put your muslin on quilting frames; take a stitch down and up through, then another stitch through, crossing on the under side, letting the ends, after cutting off, stick up on the right side, do not tie, this is the stitch. You can make them in rings or anything your fancy takes. When done wet in soap suds, hang on the line and bleach it; when it is bleached it will fill up so the threads will not pull out.—J. N.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s k, slip and bind; t o o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed trouble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Elegant Knitted Insertion.—Cast on 26 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—(o—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch 3 times)—o—k 1. 2d row—s 1 k each every time. 3d row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—(o—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch 3 times)—k 1. 5th row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 2—n twice—k 2—(o—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch 3 time)—k 1. 7th row—s 1—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch—o—s 1—k 1—(pull over slip twice)—o—k 2—n—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n twice—k 2. 9th row—s 1—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch—(o—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch twice)—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 11th row—s 1—s 1—k 1—pull over slip—(o—s 1—k 1—pull over slip stitch twice)—o—k 2—n twice—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. Begin again at 1st row. This is lovely insertion.—FRANCES.

Infants Booties.—Very pretty. The heel and sole are crocheted in Afghan stitch; the instep, single crochet; the ankles, double crochet; finish with scallops around top and balls or tassels on instep. Begin with heel, thus: Make a chain of 22 stitches for loop; push your hook through next to last loop, draw thread through; this makes two loops on hook. Push hook through next loop, draw thread through, continue, until you have all (22) loops on hook. Crochet back, as follows: Draw thread through last loop; draw thread through loop just made and 21st loop; draw thread through loop just made and 20th loop; continue same, drawing thread through new and old loop each time till all the loops are off the hook but one. Now push hook under perpendicular thread of first stitch; draw thread through and bring two loops on hook; push hook through perpendicular thread of next stitch; draw thread through, continue the same till all the loops (22) are on hook, then crochet back as before. Repeat until heel is long enough to narrow; narrow by drawing thread through three stitches instead of two. When long enough bind off this way: Have hook in center of heel; double heel together; crochet stitches on each side together by placing point of hook through stitch on side nearest you and pass on through stitch inside opposite; draw thread through and repeat. Take up stitches and crochet sole same as heel, narrowing and widening just enough to give a pretty shape. When long enough for foot, turn over and crochet across the top this way: Push hook under two stitches on side, draw thread through. Crochet all the stitches across the toe the common way and two on the side as before. Crochet back and repeat, but after crocheting in inch upon the toe you may skip one stitch near each side. You will soon see the shape it assumes and model accordingly. When the foot is done, crochet across the top of the instep once or twice, same as the sole and bleach it; when it is bleached it will fill up so the threads will not pull out.—J. N.

Correspondence.

A SEPTEMBER OUTING.—Southern California is certainly the camper's paradise, because from June till the middle of October one is absolutely sure of pleasant weather, that is as sure as one can be of anything, and the balmy dry air is constantly beguiling to out-of-door life.

Many pleasant experiences of camp life have I known, but nothing exactly like the expedition of last September, when I was so fortunate as to become one of a gay party making a trip through Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, driving about 30 miles each day and spending the night at some "wayside inn," or camping in true gypsy fashion, as happened to be most convenient. Heretofore on our jaunts it has either been all camping or all hotels, and I found the mingling of the two both novel and agreeable, we took our own time visiting many of the finest settlements in this section of the country, but at last the captain announced Irvington to be the objective point of the expedition, and thither we accordingly turned our horses' heads.

Irvington is a new colony at the base of San Bernardino Range, and we had heard so much of its beautiful location, its soil, its water, its climate—in short, its superlative excellence—that some of us from sheer contrariety, were inclined to be "nothing if not critical." But when I saw for myself, I dropped all prejudice and joined the throng of Irvington's admirers.

The founders of this colony chose wisely when they selected this broad gentle slope for the future settlement. Its elevation of 2,000 feet above sea level gives pure, dry air, and on all sides—even in the dim distance beyond the San Bernardino valley—rise the mountains. Except in the Sierras I have never seen such an entrancing mountain view. Such a diversity in form and height from the rolling foot-hills to Mount San Bernardino and Grayback, towering 11,000 feet above the sea! Such a multiplicity of colors, through the various shades of brown and gray of the nearer ranges, to the purple and blue of the distant peaks! And at sunset the great rocky barrier toward the east was transfigured by the indescribable radiance of the alpenglow.

Irvington contains over 2,000 acres, and the town site which is half a mile square, lies near the center of the tract. The streets are broad and well graded, and after the winter rains set in they are to be planted with palms, olives, grevilleas, pines, and other varieties of ornamental shade trees. The soil is a fine gravelly loam, well suited to the growth of citrons and deciduous fruit. Irvington is a strong temperance colony, (could that their number in the state might be speedily multiplied!) as each deed stipulates that no traffic in alcoholic liquors shall be held in the settlement; but there is an abundance of pure soft mountain water which is brought out of the neighboring canyons and distributed over this tract in iron pipes. The California Southern R. R. is only half a mile from the town, thus affording direct communication by rail with Los Angeles. The metropolis of this portion of the state, Irvington cannot fail to attract sufferers from pulmonary difficulties, rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred ills, in consequence of its dry air, and exemption from frost and fog; others will locate here from the fact that prices are much lower than in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and the soil is just as fertile as in the far-famed San Gabriel Valley.

The mountains back of Irvington are covered with pine forests, and a toll-road six miles long leads to the saw-mills. Some of us, dwellers in the valley, longed to stand again on the mountain top and breathe the aromatic odors of the pines. So we found four stout mules to pull our wagon, and started off one afternoon in high spirits. We had a delightful drive through the canyon, past the quaint toll-house, where a merry little streamlet sang for us, dancing in the sunlight, gliding in the shadow. The road is kept in good repair, toward the last is very steep and narrow. Our mules were equal to it, however, and we reached the first sawmill just at dark. It was very chilly, and we were fortunate in finding an unoccupied cabin with a huge fireplace, where we speedily had a fire of pine logs roaring. The frost that night (September 11) was a decided change from the summerland we had just left, and was the first I had experienced since December, 1884.

The altitude of this point is something over 4,000 feet, about the same as at Yosemite. And as I sat on a great log the next morning it seemed as if I were again in that happy valley. There were the same majestic pines and firs, the moss-bedecked incense cedars, the bunches of mistletoe on the great oaks, the ground carpeted with brakes and pine needles. I listened instinctively for the thunder of the Yosemite Fall, and looked off toward the west, half expecting, for the moment, to see the bold outlines of El Capitan.

Nothing can surpass the charm of the breezy mountain top, where seekers of health and rest may find the very elixir of life! But our stay was all too short. We took a peep at the saw-mills, and then climbed to the summit of the ridge which gives a magnificent view of the Mojave and San Bernandino valleys.

Yes, it was a thoroughly enjoyable trip. But such is the peculiarity of human natures that when I again saw a certain familiar cottage with its roses and magnolias, its palms and aloes, its broad veranda wreathed with English ivy and fragrant with heliotrope and jasmine, its tinkling fountain where the mocking-birds gather daily for a dip among the water-lilies, I cried with fervor, "There's no place like home!"

In answer to several inquiries let me add that Alhambra is a village on the Southern Pacific railroad eight miles from Los Angeles, and two miles from San Gabriel Mission, the oldest mission in the county.—ALICE P. ADAMS, Alhambra, Los Angeles county, Cal.

We should like to have more breezy letters from this correspondent.—ED.

SILK CULTURE.—I have thought for some time that I would write my experience in silk culture for the benefit of the members of the HOUSEHOLD. I bought one dollar's worth of eggs (500 eggs) last spring. In due time they hatched out. I had trays and hanging shelves all ready for them, and so had nothing to do but feed them. I deviated somewhat from the rules laid down in my book for feeding them. I commenced by using nothing over them and leaves on that. I discarded the netting, and laid twigs of osage over them. They would crawl up on these, and I could easily remove them to clean trays. Another advantage in feeding this way is the leaves will keep fresh longer and one need not feed so often. I shall never again pick leaves. I found it considerable work, but having some experience now, am certain I could handle them with less labor another time. I have a nice lot of fine cocoons and a good many eggs to sell. I read some time ago of a lady raising them outdoors. My book stated explicitly that the worms should not be allowed to get wet. I would like to hear from some other silk-culturists, what they think of this plan. If any one would like to know anything more of my experience in silk-culture, I will answer any questions addressed to me to the extent of my knowledge.—MRS. I. C. THATCHER.

Inquiries.

Will some reader give directions to make a cheap fire screen for a grate?—MRS. ROCHESTER, Quincy, Ills.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to make good light bread and biscuits? Also how to make a good cake that will not fall? Also how to treat my chrysanthemums to have them bloom all winter?—MAGGIE.

We would advise "Maggie" to send $2 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Dr. Carlin's Recipes," which will tell her all about making bread and cake, and hundreds of other things that housekeepers should know.—ED.

Will some one tell me something that prevent the hair from falling out?—M. W.

Will the editor, or some teader of the BLADE, send remedy to the HOUSEHOLD that will take off wrinkles and keep them off, or help them in a measure.—ANNA S., Canastota, N. Y.

Many different kinds of remedies are given, one of the best of which is the following: One fluid oz. of gum benzoin, ½ oz. of glycerine, and 7 fluid ozs. of distilled rosewater. Bathe face, neck and hands with it at night, and let it dry on. Wash off in the morning with a very little white castile soap and soft warm water. You can soften hard water with a little borax. This is an excellent thing for the skin in every way.—ED.

Are there any rules you can give necessary for a person to make an interesting and eloquent speaker? Are there any reliable books published on the subject, and where obtained?—B. J. E.

There are rules, but it would be impossible to give them here. If you are sure that you have something to say which the public will want to hear, and you are not near a teacher in elocution, write to the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston, and ask them for a list of the best of such works and their prices, then you can send for what you want.—ED.

Will some one please give directions for crocheting a scarf for a young gentleman?—CLOVER LEAF.

Will some one send some recipe through the BLADE, to remove moles without any lasting injury to the skin?—WISCONSIN DELL.

Better let the moles alone, unless you can go to some doctor of character and standing who has made skin troubles a specialty. Anything powerful enough to remove moles should not be tampered with ignorantly, or serious trouble may result.—ED.

Will "Newcomer" please state what she does to rid her canaries of mites? I have washed the cages with carbolic acid, and dusted the birds with insect powder but it does no good.—S. R.

Will someone please tell me what will set the color of blue in French or German calico?—C. C.

Can anyone give directions through the HOUSEHOLD for crocheting a shoulder cape?—A READER.

We are building a new house, and as the finishing is of pine, how shall we finish the woodwork of parlor and sitting room? Also the ceilings? Is there any way that I can stain or finish the glass of transoms? Am tired of seeing lace, etc., over them. And please tell me a pretty, durable color for outside of house.

Now, just one question more and I am done. In receiving callers for the first time, and knowing their call to be short, is it proper to ask them to remove their wraps? I have thought not, but am perhaps wrong.—MRS. J. M. C.

A very stylish way to finish the woolwork of the parlor is to paint it white with gilt trimmings. It would need but very little gilding. The sitting room would be pretty stained to represent cherry. The ceilings would depend in their treatment on what was done with side walls. We should have to know that before answering. You could use upon your transoms the colored paper designs which have the effect of stained glass. If you choose, the work of putting it on could be done by yourself, and the expense would not be large.

The shades of grey, or of brown, are perhaps the most durable. Of course you want the body of the house one color, with different shades around the windows, doors, etc.

It is not customary to ask callers to remove their wraps.—ED.

Have any of the readers of the BLADE tried the sulphuret of barium for the removal of superfluous hair? If so, will they report with what result and just how it was used? Does it leave the skin colored? Also, what will remove wens?—COWARD.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. L., Racine, Wis. Mr. Locke's poem, "Hannah Jane," was published by Lee and Shepherd, Boston, two or three years ago in book form. It is a beautifully illustrated gift volume, gilt edged, and costs $1.50.

In the BLADE I see the question "What will take mildew from cotton?" Take chloride of lime, dissolve in hot water and strain so that there shall be no little specks undissolved, then water enough for the goods and let it look just a little milky with the lime. If too strong it will rot the goods. Have it hot, put your goods in and let lay a few minutes and it will be as white as though never mildewed. Then wash the lime out thoroughly.—L.

In my answer as to the care of catbirds a mistake occurs. They should be fed on crackers soaked in sweet milk instead of buttermilk. They must also have sand every day and their water to bathe in. The same treatment will answer for the care of robins, which make the finest of all pets.—SALLIE ROBINSON, Buchanan, O.

I will send my recipe for taking out iron rust. It is so simple and easy to use. Put 1 oz. of salts of lemon in a bottle, add just enough water to dissolve it, wet the rusty places once or more if necessary, and let dry before washing out.—RUTH C. STITER.

Mrs. L. R., Belleville, Mich., there is a description of several gifts for gentleman in the new "Fancy Work and House Decoration." Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.—ED.

I am a stranger to this department, but if there are no objections I would like to enter for a minute or so. We have a lot of old newspapers and story papers which we will give to anyone that wants them if they will send or pay postage. They are in a state of good preservation. Address Anson Phelps, White City, Morris county, Kan.

I read that hen's oil, if applied several times a day with the end of the finger, will partly obliterate if not destroy a scar of a cut, bruise or slight burn.—ELVIRA I.

Scrapings of a powder horn will take proud flesh out of sore.—EXPERIENCE.

"Mrs. R. H." Change of climate is the best of all remedies for loss of voice. I knew a gentleman that spoke only in whispers for twenty years. His home was in Pennsylvania. By accident he went to live in Colorado a few years ago. The last I heard of him was that he had recovered his voice entirely and was enjoying better health than ever before.—OBSERVATION.

To protect comfortables.—A way to save nice comfortables and still have the use of them, is to cover them with cheese cloth or any light unbleached muslin. Tie here and there with bright colored yarn. When these covers are soiled, they can be ripped off, washed and returned. In this way comfortables will last twice or thrice as long as they will uncovered.—E. L.

Being a subscriber to the BLADE I will answer some inquiries. To "Jennie," for a a whitewash: Take skim milk, and after slacking lime with hot water, thin it with milk and add salt. It will stand rain most as well as paint. If "Mrs. R. H." will send her address with stamp I will send her a remedy for loss of voice that I think will cure her. I see an inquiry for catarrh cure. I have tried most every remedy and have found one that beats them all for quick relief and if persisted in, a cure, in pine tar. Drop it on coals in an old vessel and inhale it well up in the head and throat with mouth closed. If "A Farmer" will try it he will be helped I am sure. I see a cure for dyspepsia of hop tea. I think I know a better cure in the milk weed root. The hops will burn a stomach that is inflamed and the milkweed will cool and stop that burning sensation immediately, and it is also good for constipation. If Mrs. George Roberts, of Golden City, Mo., will use it, she will find it the best blood purifier. It grows plentifully here and most everywhere. If Sadie will use sour milk, or tomato juice, or rhubarb juice, or sour vinegar for her hands, it will please her. For M. A. S., to soften hard water to wash, put wood ashes in a barrel and fill up with water. If "Mom" will get gum from a cherry tree and boil it in water, she will have a better mucilage than she can buy.—M. L.

Recipes.

To Cut Glass.—By experiment I found a very simple and easy way to cut any glass bottle so as to convert it into a jar or glass. Any one can easily do it, and it cannot fail to become very handy in every household, as bottles cut in this way make good jelly jars and glasses, and bottles that would be considered as useless for anything else but liquors, can in a minute's time be converted to this use. My mode is to take any common cotton cord and wrap two or three times around the bottle, say half an inch below where you wish to divide it; then take alcohol and slowly drop on the cord till well saturated; then ignite with a match, and when the flame of the alcohol has about died out, pour on a few drops of cold water, when it will immediately separate as nicely as though cut with a glazier's diamond. Try it.—CHARLES A. COWLES.

For Worms.—Take a tablespoonful of the common ground oatmeal, raw, the medium grade, immediately before or after every meal of food that is eaten, and also a tablesoonful when the cravings are bad.

It can be eaten dry or wet with milk. This rid me of worms entirely after being troubled with them for twenty-five years. It is just rough on them, that is all. It is very laxative, and a person has to be governed by that in using it. Take for six months at least, or a year is better still.

Grate a big black radish, skin and all together, place in a cloth and squeeze the juice out. Give a tablespoonful of this juice on an empty stomach. Watch for results and repeat the dose as often as it seems necessary.—ELVIRA J.

For Chapped Hands, etc., etc.—Fine almond oil, 1 lb.; simple syrup V. S. P., 4 ozs.; white soft soap, 1 oz.; oil of almond, 1 oz.; oil of bergamot, ½ oz.; oil of cloves, 1 oz. Rub the syrup with the soap until the mixture is homogeneous, then rub in the oil by degrees.—SIN OAK RIDGE, Dorchester, Ills.

Dark Part.— Yolks of 7 eggs; 3 cupfuls of brown sugar; 1 cupful of butter, 1 of sour milk; 4 of flour, sifted and heaping; 1 teaspoon cinnamon, allspice, and cloves; 1 teaspoonful soda; put in pans a spoonful of white part, and then a spoonful of dark, and so on.

For Erysipelas and Loss of Voice.—Seeing a request in BLADE of October 8th for a remedy for erysipelas and blood purifier, I thought I would send one I know to be good. Take bitter-sweet root, the bark, and yellow dock, the root, and make a sirup by boiling until the strength is extracted. Use white sugar sufficient to make a sirup.

Mrs. R. H. wishes a remedy for loss of voice. I will send one I know to be good. Take white oak bark, boil until the strength is extracted, strain, add vinegar and cayenne pepper. To be gargled frequently.—AUNT HATTY.

Snowdrift Cake.—Take 3 cupfuls flour, 2 of sugar, ½ of butter, 1 of sweet milk, the whites of 5 eggs, 2½ teaspoonfuls best baking powder. Sift the flour before measuring, and stir the powder in and sift two or three times, and flavor to suit your taste. The same rule will make a beautiful gold cake by adding an extra whole egg with the yolks of the former eggs.—O. L. S., Lancaster, Ohio.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: *Ourselves we will be Masters.*

Pledge.

WE DO HEREBY PROMISE OURSELVES THAT FROM THIS TIME UNTIL WE ARE 21 YEARS OLD WE WILL NOT TASTE INTOXICATING LIQUORS OF ANY KIND, AND WE WILL EXERT ALL OF OUR INFLUENCE TO PREVENT THEIR USE BY OTHERS. WITNESS OUR NAMES:

LE LOUP, KAN.
Minnie Scott.
FREDERICKTOWN, O.
Ella Vernon.
HUNTSVILLE, MO.
Gilbert Gallaher,
Gracie Gallaher,
TOLEDO, O.
Percy A. Gould,
John T. Sanford,
George Valois,
Clyde L. Upton,
Bert L. Walker,
Hattie C. Murphy,
Willie B. Chapman,
Hermie Russ,
W. Williams,
Lee D. Fisher,
Geo. Caine,
F. Bullard,
C. Bailey,
Henry S. Laskey,
Carroll Bennett,
J. Friedlander,
E. Sisson,
F. Burdick,
Allie Gould,
Walter Valois,
Millard Hilton,
Eddie Newton,
John Newton,
Joe Gunn,
Willie Kohne,
Charles R. Bowman,
Lock Lamb,
Frank Ayers,
Charles Hunter,
Ora W. Sanborn,
Leo Kahlo,
Rose E. Parker,
Cecil Mackie,
T. Galloway,
D. Schneck,
F. Tracy,
Harry Eagan,
John Eagan,
Coleman Frank,
Mary L. Losee,
Ada E. Webster,
Pearl Munger,
Edith S. Atkin,
Lola H. B. Frink,
Gertie Wetmore,
Lillian Barker,
Grace Baumgardner,
Alice Baumgardner,
Eva Clark,
Alice Brannon.
Edwin W. Hansen,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.
Robert Parish,
Frank Marks,
Charlie Beetle,
Louie Hart,
Ervin Beem,
Charlie Lloyd.
ASHFORD, N. Y.
Minnie Carter,
Blanche Hufsstader,
Allie Simons,
Rosa Folts,
May Smith,
Albert Folts,
Grenville Rowland.
MONTPELIER, IND.
Nettie V. Blakely,
Edgar P. Blakely.
MARTIN'S FERRY, O
Luella Shipman,
Docie Stark,
Lizzie Davis,
Jennie Lytle.
MT PLEASANT, O.
Lizzie Bashore.
RUSSELL, KAS.
Louie Ruth Holmes,
Florence S. A. Holmes,
Willie Neale,
Johnny Neale,
Robert W. Holmes,
James Wolcott,
Gracie G. Wolcott.
NO RESIDENCE GIVEN.
George E. Plummer,
May Whitecraft,
Amy Smyres,
Bertha Whitecraft,
Blanch Mason,
Lelia Stevens,
Wellman Thrush,
Irvin Thrush,
Lizzie Thrush,
Nora Stevens,
Ella Lynn,
Elmer Banister.
JACKSON, CAL.
Gertrude C. Bartlett,
Carleton T. Bartlett,
Elmer H. Bartlett.
PERRYSBURG, O.
Emma Creps,
Walter G. Creps,
Edwin S. Creps.
SLOAN, IA.
Nelson D. Mercure,
Myron O. Mercure,
Clarence P. Mercure,
Freddy R. Mercure.
KLINGER LAKE, MICH.
Julia L. Benham.
GREELEY, COL.
Charley Rasg.
VALPARAISO, NEB.
William L. Johnson,
Ella C. Johnson.
SOUTH SALEM, O.
Daniel B. Kingery,
Anna M. Kingery,
Sammie D. Kingery,
Belle I. Kingery,
Lewis Kingery,
Belle Dickey.
PORTLAND, COL.
Tiny O'Neal,
Mary E. Brounyard,
Emma Paggufu,
Minnie Holiday,
Clara Haney,
May Haney,
G. W. Haney.
Frank H. Haney,
Joe B. Haney.
STEWARTSVILLE, O.
Robert E. Clark,
Arabella Douglass,
Emma L. Douglass.
PERU, O.
Lulu A. Bell,
Minnie E. Hall,
Mirtie M. Bell.
BLAINE, O.
Wilmot L. Catton.
SHIELDS, O.
Anna A. Workman.
ADEL, IA.
Irving M. Lee.
DUNDEE, MICH.
Ida Bennis,
Bertha Bennis.
DALLAS, DAK.
Roy D. Winn,
Harvey O. Winn.
CONCORD, IND.
Harry Buchanan.
AUBURN, IND.
John W. Dawson.
HANDY, KAN.
Effie L. McEowen,
Edith Shattuck.
Frances Kirkpatrick,
Carrie Kirkpatrick,
Myrtle Haycen,
Emma Ware,
Charley Bland,
Luther Hayden.
RED BRIDGE, IND.
Emma Shaw,
Mahala Shaw,
Rachel Shaw.
DESSING, IND.
Morton Shaw,
Charlie H. Shaw,
Herbert T. Shaw.
DELFORD, O.
Delford H. Armstronz,
Louida J. Armstrong,
Liddie K. Swan,
Willie J. Swan,
Lydia Beaty,
Sanford Beaty,
Jacob Beaty,
Johnnie Wilson,
Ettie House,
Janie Lopp.
PITTSFORD, MICH.
Ruth M. Rumsey,
Fred M. Rumsey.
REMUS, MICH.
Leonard Mason.
LEWISTON, IDAHO.
Mary Benton,
Estelle Benton,
Ralph Benton,
Willie Benton.
NO PLACE GIVEN.
May Leedham,
Thomas Leedham.
SPRINGDALE, KY.
Lula M. Vawter,
Chas. P. Vawter,
Jimuala A. Vawter.

Names this week, 175. Total, 681.

OUR LEGION.

And still the names come pouring in without pause, showing how BLADE young folks are answering the call to place their shoulders to the wheel that carries along the cause of Temperance! So many are they, that they cannot begin to be published as fast as they come, and leave room for anything else. We must, therefore, beg our young friends to be patient, even though two, three, or even four weeks roll away before they appear. Already the Legion numbers thousands, and we trust it will roll up to a million.

THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"How would Willie like to go
To the land of Thus-and-So?
Everything is proper there:
All the children comb their hair
Smoother than fur on cats,
Or the nap of high silk hats;
Every face is clean and white,
As a lily washed in light;
Never vagrant soil or speck
Found on forehead, throat or neck;
Every little crimpled ear,
In and out, as pure and clear
As the cherry blossom's blow
In the land of Thus-and-So.

"Little boys that never fall
Down the stairs, or cry at all,
Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient;
Never hungry, nor in haste,
Tidy shoestrings always laced;
Never button rudely torn
From its fellows all unworn;
Knickerbockers always new,
Ribbon tie, and collar, too;
Little watches, worn like men,
Only always half-past ten:
Just precisely right, you know,
For the land of Thus-and-So!

And the little babies there
Give no one the slightest care;
Nurse has not a thing to do
But be happy and say 'Boo!'
While mamma just nods, and knows
Nothing but to doze and doze;
Never lit or round the gate;
Never lunch or dinner late;
Never any household din
Peals without or rings within,
Baby coos nor laughing calls,
On the stairs, or through the hall.
Just great blades to and fro
Pace the lane of Thus-and-So!

"O the land of Thus-and-So!
Isn't it delightful, though?"
"Yes," lisped Willie, an-wering me
Somewhat slow and doubtfully;
"Must be awful nice, but I
Rather wait till by and by
For I go there; may be when
I be dead I'll go there then;
But—" the troubled little face
Closer pressed in my embrace;
"Le's don't never ever go
To the land of Thus-and-So."

THE BROWNING BOYS.

FEAR NOT: FOR THEY THAT BE WITH US, ARE MORE THAN THEY THAT BE WITH THEM.
THE THINGS THAT ARE IMPOSSIBLE WITH MEN, ARE POSSIBLE WITH GOD.
BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT WALKETH NOT IN THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY.
I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME, LET US GO INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

Mrs. Browning went about all day with a sorrowful face; and two or three times when she came out of her little bedroom her eyes were red. The boys were troubled. Mother had not looked that way, even during Effie's sickness. The fact is that then she had not taken time to cry; she had just hung over Effie, and planned and worked for her comfort day and night. Effie was quite well again, and was flitting through the house as gay as a bird; and mother had much ado to keep back the tears sometimes, before her. This, both Aleck and Ben saw, and thought over for some time, before they went out to the wood-pile and sat down, one on a log, the other on the sawhorse, and talked it over.

Clearly something was the matter. It did not seem as though it could be money this time; for father was at work pretty steadily, and it was astonishing how much that printing press and the garden, and the store work that Ben was doing, amounted to. To be sure there was the doctor's bill for Effie's sickness; but the boys had themselves heard the doctor say: "Don't let that trouble you, Mr. Browning; whenever you can pay me as well as not, you may do so; or you may pay me a little at a time and be a year about it, if you want to." The boys knew their father would pay just as fast as he could; but he had looked grateful and thanked the doctor, and spoken more than once of his kindness; that did not seem to be a thing for mistake to worry over.

The decision from the wood-pile was, that mother must be asked, the very next chance they had alone with her.

The next evening after tea, came the chance. Effie was playing croquet in the next neighbor's yard, and Mr. Browning sat on the piazza, planning an addition to the neighbor's house. Mrs. Browning was mending Aleck's coat, and he, in his shirt sleeves, leaned his elbows on the stand and inquired, in the name of Ben and himself, what was the matter. At first, the mother tried to evade the question: "How did they know that anything was the matter? What observing boys they must be! They mustn't watch mother so closely and find out her secrets. Then, it was nothing they could help; and it was no use to worry them. Well, since they insisted, she did not know but that they might as well understand; perhaps they would all know—too soon. Didn't they watch father, too? Didn't they notice how he was coughing again this fall? Beginning earlier than last fall?" No, really, the boys, busy with their mother, and seeing little of father, had not noticed.

"Well," the mother said with a heavy sigh, "such was the case, and there were reasons why it was a more serious thing for him to be coughing now than it was last winter. The doctor knew it was serious, and had told him so; and that was one reason why the doctor had been so very kind about the bill; he knew there were

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

RYE FOR SWINE.—Will some one please give, through the columns of the BLADE, their experience with Rye for feeding swine?—E. H. C., Sylvania, O.

LAME IN HER HIND QUARTERS.—Please inform me what ails my mare. Three weeks ago she commenced to go lame in her hind parts, is very weak in her loins, has good appetite, but still getting very poor. No inflamation or fever.—T. MORRAL, Talent, Mo. [The weakness may result from various causes, to ascertain which a personal examination would be necessary. Perhaps a cathartic would bring her around all right. The following is good: Raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, two drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, two ounces. Mix and shake well together for one draught. This forms a perfectly safe laxative in cases where other cathartics are badly tolerated. Your mare should not have violent exercise at present.—ED.

CORNS—WIND PUFFS.—What will cure corns on a horse's feet without injury to the horse? What will take wind puffs off their legs? Please answer in BLADE, and oblige N. A. [To treat corns the shoe should be removed, and if there is inflammation, the foot should be poulticed, and if the corns are festered, an opening made to give vent to the pus. The seat of the corn should be pared, care being taken not to cut out portions of the bars or frog. A corn salve much used is: Tar, beeswax and honey, of each one-fourth pound; glycerine, three ounces; lard, one-half pint; muriatic acid, two drachms; melt the lard and beeswax together; stir in the lard and other ingredients, and stir till cold. As to "wind puffs," if they are not of the hard variety, they may be dispersed by a stimulating liniament and wearing a high-heeled shoe.—ED.]

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—I would like some information on cranberry culture. Would they be likely to do well as far south as the Arkansas Valley in Kansas? How are they propagated—by the seeds or plants? Where do the seels or plants can be obtained and how soon they will yield a crop? What is an average crop? Are there two kinds, one requiring swamp land and the other dryer land? After taking the BLADE for twenty years; this is my first question and I hope the editor or some of the BLADE readers will answer this fully. I am a Kansas prohibitionist, and of course like your readers stand on temperance and gallant fight against rum.—J. W. DIX, Hutchinson, Kansas. [Allen, in the "American Farm Book," has this to say of the cranberry:

SOIL AND CULTIVATION.—They are generally planted on low, moist meadows which are prepared by thoroughly taking out all aquatic or other shrubs or trees, filling in with gravel where needful, and plowing and harrowing. They are then set in drills by slips and roots, usually in the spring, but sometimes in Autumn, about twenty inches apart and at distances of about three inches. They require to have the weeds kept out and the ground stirred with a light cultivator or hoe, and they will soon overrun and occupy the whole ground. An occasional top dressing of swamp muck in Connecticut, Cranberry Island in Massachusetts, have in this way, produced at the rate of 200 bushels per acre, which were worth in the market from two to three dollars per bushel.

This fruit is now cultivated largely in the marshes of New Jersey, which tracts of which have been reclaimed and devoted to its culture. It is a sure and progressive crop in our country.

The cranberry is sometimes killed by late or early frosts, and it has been suggested, that the meadows be welded by laying the fields so arranged when they may be expected, as to be slightly covered with water. The berries are gathered when sufficiently ripe, by raking them from the bushes. They are cleaned from the stems, leaves, and imperfect fruit, by washing and rolling them over smooth boards set on an incline plain, in the same manner as imperfect shot are assorted. After this they are put into wire sieves and sifted with water. If stored in a cool place, the water changed at proper intervals, and the imperfect berries occasionally thrown out, they will keep till the following summer. They will frequently bring $20 per barrel in European markets. The raking is beneficial rather than otherwise to the plants, for though some of the plants are pulled out and otherwise broken, thir places are more than supplied by the subsequent growth.

Think they could be raised in the locality mentioned. For information regarding plants, address, enclosing stamp for reply, C. A. Goessman, Massachusetts Agricultural Station, Amherst, Mass., mentioning the BLADE.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?—One of my neighbors has a mare four years old that commenced running at the nose some four months ago. This continued about one month and then stopped for a short time, and then commenced again, but not quite as bad as the first time. It ran about two months and then stopped a short time, but it seems to get better every time. It discharges only at one nostril and that the right one. The pus is some times thick and and sometimes thin, and different colors. When she was on pasture it was streaked with green and some times streaked with blood, and has a hollow tail. I have supposed that she got a stick in her nose at the start, but as she has run so long we are afraid it is something worse. Will you please tell me what to do for her, or whether it is glanders or distemper, or what ails her. When she is first turned on pasture she seems uneasy—throws her head as if there were bot flies after her. For awhile one eye was weak, but it seems all right now. Could it be the stick in her nose or a catarrh?—[Your mare needs the attention of a veterinary. It is impossible to prescribe where there is doubt as to whether the animal is suffering from a sliver or something more serious. If nasal gleet is what ails her a half ounce of syrup of the iodide of iron, given twice a day will cure her. But as the case seems more serious than that which we have mentioned, a vetinary should be called to determine. If there be a "stick in her nose," it should be removed, if gleet, it can be cured. If glanders she should be killed without delay.—ED.]

GLANDERS GLEET.—Will the editor of the BLADE FARM, or some one else, give a minute and complete description, through the BLADE, of glanders and gleet, so that we may know when a horse has either disease. There are rumors from different parts of this, Umatilla county, also in Washington territory, of horses having that dread disease. In fact there were two horses killed in my neighborhood that had it, so stated by some, while others were just as positive they did not have it.—J. M. DOWNS, Alba, Umatilla Co., Oregon. [Perhaps the best definition of the difference between the two diseases may be found in Teller's "Diseases of Live Stock." There are two forms of glanders, the acute and chronic. He says:

Acute glanders appears suddenly by prolonged chills and shiverings. As they pass off a high fever sets in, the temperature running up to 105 or 107 deg. The pulse is feeble and rapid, the breathing quick, and the glands under the jaw are swollen. On examining the nostrils, their lining membrane is found to be swollen and of a dark coppery or red color, with patches of ragged ulceration here and there, from which drips a bloody and watery discharge. The swollen glands of the face and neck soon break and form abscesses with a similar sanious pus coming from them. The animal rapidly weakens, the breathing becomes obstructed, the lungs become inflamed, and death ends the scene.

Chronic glanders presents this same history in a much slower and apparently milder, but in reality none the less fatal form. The general health may seem to be scarcely affected. There will be a discharge, often from one nostril, usually the near one, of a thin, sticky fluid, which has not a very unpleasant odor, sometimes no odor at all, and which dries and accumulates around the nasal opening. On feeling beneath the jaw, the swollen glands will be felt like a hard knot, which may, however, disappear for a time to return again. The membsane of the nostril will prove to have a tawny, coppery or dull leaden hue. The eye of the affected side will be weak and watery.

Usually the symptoms are more decided than this. The horse is off his feed, his coat is unhealthy, he has a slight cough, and sweats on slight exertion. There is a discharge of a starchy or gluey matter from one or both nostrils, often tinged with blood. The lining membrane of the nose is studded with small deep ulcers, and between the ulcers covered with unhealthy looking pimples. The eye of the affected side is weak and watery. A distinct tumor can be felt below the jaw, sometimes forming an abscess discharging an unhealthy pus. If well taken care of, a horse may live in this condition for a year or two and do moderate work; but he is liable at any time to be carried off by an accute attack of the disease, and he is constantly an object of great danger, not only to other individuals of his own species, but to every person who comes near him.

Between the time of receiving the contagion into the system and the appearance of the disease, there usually elapses in the acute form but three to six days, while in the chronic form it may be two or three months.

In nasal gleet the symptoms are: The horse may or may not have a cough; his condition is unthrifty, his coat poor, appetite irregular, and bowels loose or constipated; or again, none of these general symptoms are present:

There is a discharge from one or both nostrils. It is irregular in quantity, bluish white in color, rather thick and sticky, generally foul smelling. Small ulcers and excoriations may be seen on the membranes of the nostrils—but not the characteristic, pit-like depressions of glanders. The membrane is also changed in hue, and often swollen and thickened.

The question constantly occurs in these cases whether we have to do with a case of glanders; and not frequently it is a difficult one to answer, until the case has been watched for several weeks. It is prudent to be on the safe side, and recommend the animal be separated from all others, and his attendants to exercise great caution in handling him.—ED.]

Will the BLADE inform me where I can find a work on the hog, containing information on the subject of spaying, castrating, etc. By answering you will greatly oblige an old reader.—HARRY COQUILLETTE, La-Harpe, Ill. [Two leading works on the hog are "Reason on the Hog," $1.50, and Youatt and Martin on the Hog," $1.00. We know of no work that treats especially on the questions you ask, as books generally take a wider range. As to the other question you ask Moore's would be preferred by us. Any or all the books can be had of Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

SCRATCHER—I saw an inquiry from Lamont, Mich., for a cure for scratches, mud fever and grease heel. They are all the same, caused by driving in the mud, or running in the wet grass without proper care. We seldom see it here, as they do in more southern states. The remedy I have always used and never known to fail, is: Take strong soft soap and rub on thoroughly at night. In the morning wash clean with warm water, and in two days do the same over again for three or four times, and give a teaspoonful of saltpeter twice a week, and there will be no more trouble.—P. B. E., a Reader of the BLADE, Faribault, Minn.

P. S.: Tell X. Y. Z. to give a thorough bleeding and let stand still one week.

Stable Manure.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The value of stable manure depends almost entirely on the amount of the ammonia contained in it, originally, that can be saved until it is put upon the land. Is there any process or preparation that can arrest the ammonia and prevent its waste until it is put upon the soil?—J. C. B., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

In answer to the above we would say that the German Fertilizer Company, of Toledo, Ohio, make a preparation which does this effectually. It is used by sprinkling it in the stalls, and also throwing a few handsful upon the manure pile, after it is removed from the stables. It not only does away entirely with the smell, but it trebles the value of the manure, as it not only fixes and retains all the ammonia, but is a valuable fertilizer of itself. It is in use in thousands of stables all over the country. Full information concerning it can be had by addressing "German Fertilizing Company," Toledo, Ohio. The company is entirely responsible and reliable.

Hollow Horn.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I am a constant reader of your excellent paper, the BLADE. As my son-in-law, the Argo veldrat, takes your paper, I have the pleasure of reading it. I will take the opportunity of writing a few lines for your consideration.

As there has been some writing on the subject of hollow horns, I thought I would give my experience with that disease: Some 50 years ago I lived on a farm and had much to do with cattle. My plan was to bore the cow's horn and put in salt and pepper. I remember of having a cow flat on the ground and her nose stuck up in the air, and I kneeling on the ground and boring a hole with a brace and bit, and as the bit got through the first shell, it went through a vacuum, and struck on the opposite side. Then came a puff of air through the hole, right in my face. The horn was dry as a bone, and not a bit of blood was to be seen, and as the animal drew her breath the air vibrated.

Since then I have learned very different. Instead of doctoring the head, I doctor the tail.

A little of my experience will not come amiss. I saw a fine steer lying flat on his side and in appearance dead. His eyes rolled up, and there was no move in him. I felt his horns. They were cold. His tail was hollow, so I stuck the point of my pocket knife in the tail about four inches from the end, the blade being straight with the tail.

Well, the consequence was, in less than two hours he was up and gone and stood right side up.

Another case was a young calf about two months old. He got sick and refused to drink his milk. His ears were drooping and had no ambition. I felt his tail, and found it to be hollow, with no bone in the end of it. I stuck the knife in his tail and the next day he came on a run for his milk. Well, I might multiply but will stop, though I might mention many other cases.

Now I will tell how you may know the symptoms of hollow horn or hollow tail or worlds. The head will look pollin looking, eyes, drooping ears, hair around the horns sticking straight out, and a hollow tail, which will be soft just above the end, and having no bone in it, making it very pliable.

Now for the cure. Simply let the blood, and all will be well unless it be too late. My object in writing this is to let people know that an easier method may be resorted to than the old way of disfiguring the horn of the poor animal.—C. M. T., West Union, Iowa.

Various Good Items.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Here are a few items that may be of interest to some of your readers:

A vessel to which the odor of kerosene clings may be effectually deodorized by a little chloride of lime dissolved in warm water.

To get rid of bed-bugs—Saturate the joints and crevices in the bedstead with coal oil or spirits of turpentine; or take insect powder, (to be got at the drug store) and dust or blow it into the cracks by means of a small bellows made especially for that purpose.

To drive away rats—Take burdock burrs and dust cayenne pepper on them and lay them where the rats will run into them. Leave a part of the stem with the burrs.

To kill cabbage worms—Sprinkle the cabbage lightly after each rain with the above mentioned insect powder. The reason for sprinkling after each rain is because the rain is apt to wash the powder off.

To kill the Canada Thistle—Take a knife and cut the heart out of them as soon as they make their appearance in the spring, and fill up the vacancy with salt, then take your foot and press it down solid and cover it up, and that will be the end of the Canada thistle.

Wash for Blotches on the Face.—Take dried (unmanufactured) tobacco leaves, half an ounce; pour on a pint of boiling water; let stand for one hour; then strain, and add to it thirty drops of creosote. With this infusion wet the parts frequently throughout the day, and at night moisten cloths or cotton in it and lay upon the parts affected.

Ulcers—If ulcers are inflamed or angry, a poultice made of slippery-elm bark, (powdered) and water, should be applied and repeated until the inflammation subsides. If painful the poultice may be made in the same manner, using a decoction of hops, instead of water, after which the ulcers may be dressed two or three times a day with the following salve: Take of beeswax three parts, of lard two parts, of mutton suet one part, and of common rosin one part; melt together and stir until cold to prevent separation. Ulcers of long standing, when irritable or painful, with a burning sensation, or when they do not show a disposition to heal, or when the edges are covered with a dead white skin or scurf, should be penciled on the edges every week or ten days with lunar caustic, and then poulticed until the inflammation subsides, after which they may be dressed with the salve above mentioned.

For Cholera, Colics, Cramps, etc.—Take powdered opium, 2 grains; powdered Jamaica ginger, 12 grains; calomel, 6 grains. Mix well together, and for adults, (children in proportion) divide into five powders, one of which may be taken every one, two, three or four hours, according to the urgency of the case, until relief is obtained.

For Piles—Carry a buckeye in (horse chestnut) in the pants pockets. If those who gall will get an Indian turnip and carry it in their pocket they will never more be troubled as long as they carry the turnip.

Fore Sore Eyes—Dissolve 16 grains of acetate of zinc in half a pint of soft water, (rose water is the best) and apply it to the eyes several times a day.

Sore Mouth—Take equal parts of tincture of nut-galls and cold water; mix, and when cold, wash or rinse the mouth very frequently.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Big Pumpkin.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I harvested a pumpkin that measured seven feet and two inches in circumference and weighed 154 pounds. I want to know if any BLADE reader can beat it? I will give the mode of cultivation if any one wants it.—PAT SMITH, Cayre's Run, Scioto county, O.

News of the Week.

THE FREE TRADERS.

Thursday's Proceedings — Papers Read and Officers Elected.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 12.—At this morning's session of the free trade conference a committee on resolutions was appointed and ordered to report this afternoon, and the following papers were read: "The Pauper Labor of Europe," by Thomas G. Shearman, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Does a High Tariff on Wool Benefit the Wool Grower?" by Rowland Hazard, of Rhode Island; "Agricultural Machinery and the Tariff," by M. D. Harter, of Ohio; "The Tariff and Shipbuilding," by William G. Gibbon, of Delaware; "The Tariff, Manufacturers and the People," by J. B. Sargent, of Connecticut; "The Tariff in its Relation to the Boot and Shoe Industry," by James Means, of Massachusetts. Joseph Quincy of Massachusetts, read a translation of an article published in *La Union*, a Chilian paper, published in Valparaiso, in which free trade between the United States and South America was discussed.

At the opening of the afternoon session the committee on Nominations reported and elected a president; vice presidents were elected representing as many different states.

The Executive committee is as follows: T. G. Sherman, New York; Josiah Quincy, Massachusetts; A. W. Thomas, Connecticut; H. B. Stabler, New York; W. G. Brownlee, Michigan; A. A. Healy, New York; W. W. Witmer, Iowa; Erskine M. Phelps, of Illinois; M. D. Hunter, Ohio; W. G. Peckham, New Jersey.

The National committee is; R. R. Bowker, New York; O. Weshe, Iowa; N. Stiles, Illinois; P. S. O'Rourke, Indiana; W. G. Brownlee, Michigan; J. Sterling Morton, Nebraska; F. L. Underwood, Missouri; W. R. Whittaker, Louisiana; J. J. Dargon, South Carolina; J. G. Jenkins, Wisconsin; Jas. D. Hancock, Pennsylvania; Envet Harper, Kansas; J. M. Osborne, Ohio; P. J. Smalley, Minnesota; Josiah Quincy, Massachusetts.

Secretary, R. R. Bowker, New York; western secretary, H. J. Philpot, Iowa; central secretary, Lewis Howland, Indiana; treasurer, George F. Peabody. The report of the committee on resolutions was adopted after much discussion. It opens with a long list of evils which it says was caused by high tariffs in time of peace, and continues: We, therefore, urge upon Congress for action at the ensuing session:

First—That under no pretences shall any countenance whatsoever be given to any attempt to increase protective duties.

Second—That articles that are at the foundation of the great industries should, in the interest of labor and of commerce, be freed from duty, whether they be crude materials, as lumber, salt, coal or wood, etc., or partly manufactured, as chemicals, dye stuffs, pig iron, tin plate, wood pulp, etc.

Third—That on products from such articles duties should at least be correspondingly reduced so that the protection, real or nominal, to manufacturers, shall not be increased, and that the consumers shall have the immediate benefit of the reduction.

We demand free ships and the abolition of our navigation laws, which, together with the tariff law, have driven our flag from the seas. And we oppose bounties and subsidies on shipping. We urge revenue reformers to vote only for such congressional candidates as openly oppose a tariff for protection, and take steps to nominate independent candidates when both party candidates are openly for protection, preparing for that step by diffusing sound literature and promoting organization, especially in close congressional districts.

A minority report was submitted by Mr. Harpon, of Kansas, demanding an immediate reduction of all protective tariff to a purely revenue basis.

Second—That we believe that all indirect taxation should eventually be abolished. That the expense of government should be borne by property instead of individuals.

The majority report, as finally adopted, shows the sense of the convention.

At the evening session an address was made by David A. Wells, president of the league. He was followed by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher declared that he was in favor of no tariff at all, though the best policy to follow was to place a direct tax on the people to defray the expenses of the government. The innate selfishness of the people, born of their ignorance, would make the operation of such a policy impossible until the arrival of the millenium. Mr. Beecher, amid great applause and laughter, said that protection was the "jugglery of the devil;" that if politicians were statesmen, protection would, in a natural death in spite of the devil, but politicians were not statesmen, they were "vote mongers." Mr. Beecher remarked that there was no tariff on men and wondered if the protectionists were thinking of bettering the situation by placing a tariff on imported pauper labor. This was intensely amusing to the audience, and its suppressed laughter increased to a roar when the speaker remarked that this country was a large exporter of "religion." This country sent millions of dollars to heathen countries to instill Christianity into the minds of unbelievers, while the article went begging at home. This country was liberal in exporting religion for the benefit of the heathen, but when those benighted individuals came to this country to be nearer to the fountain-head of such teaching, they were met with stones and curses, and only allowed to remain at the peril of their lives.

Though Mr. Beecher's short address abounded in cutting sarcasm and witty figures, he closed in an earnest and impressive vein with old arguments in an address so new and attractive that his audience listened with the most strained attention.

A Delirious Mother Sells Her Baby for $10.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 11.—On the night of November 2 Mrs. Bertha Tearnan, the wife of a German wood turner, living at No. 112 OAK street, this city, was delivered of a very handsome male child. Many of the neighbors called to see and admire it. Two days after the child was born Miss Mary Creegan, a middle-aged nurse, called upon Mrs. Tearnan, and proposed to her that she give the baby to certain rich people, who were childless and wanted an heir to large estates. The mother at that time was suffering greatly, and was delirious. The nurse offered Mrs. Tearnan $10, and said that she could see the child as often as she desired. The mother consented to this arrangement, and was told to say, should any one ask, that the child was dead. The child was taken away that night. Since then the mother has not seen it, and has longed for the little one, and constantly rebuked herself for her part in the strange transaction. The case has been placed in a lawer's hands. This gentleman was very reluctant to divulge the progress he has made in ferreting out the mystery, yet he was free to denounce what he termed child stealing. He gave it as his opinion that the parties who had the child were of high social standing, and belonged in New York. On Monday evening last Mr. Tearnan signed a paper in a lawyer's office, which it is thought was a release of all claim to the child. For this he was paid $50. The birth has been properly returned to the office of the registrar of vital statistics, but at the Probate court the papers necessary to the adoption of such a child had neither been issued nor asked for. Miss Creegan, the nurse, who negotiated the purchase of the child, refuses to talk, save to say that she has done nothing illegal.

O'Brien Nominated for Weigher.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Collector Hedden has sent the following letter to Sec. Manning:

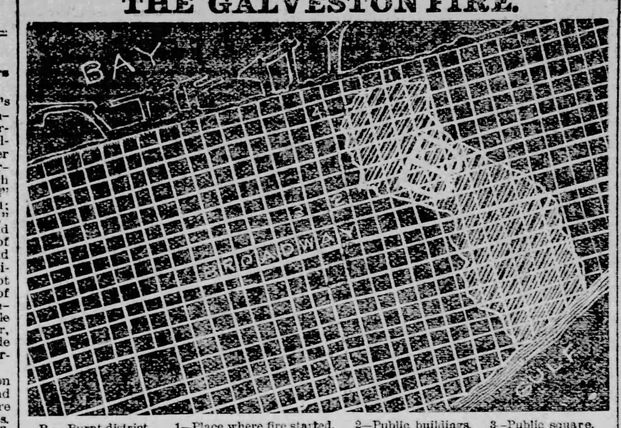
SIR.—The board of commissioners of the civil service having determined with the approval of the President, that the office of weigher is not in the exemptions under rule 19, as had been their prior decision, and an examination having taken place under the order therefor, issued by the commissioners, and the entire list of applicants who successfully passed having been certified to me, by which it appears that John W. O'Brien obtained the highest grading given to any candidate, and further, that he has been honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, and believing he possesses the business capacity necessary for the discharge of the office of weigher, in pursuance of section 1,754 of the revised statutes, above quoted, which provides that such persons shall be preferred for appointment, I therefore nominate the said John W. O'Bried for the said office of weigher.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
E. L. HEDDEN, Collector.

A Boom for Tacoma.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Bishop Paddock left Brooklyn a few years ago and went to Tacoma, as missionary bishop to Washington Territory. Charles B. Wright, a wealthy gentleman of Philadelphia, and an earnest helper of the bishop, gave an endowment of $50,000 upon the completion of a seminary for girls at Tacoma, and promises a like sum for a boys' college to be erected before January 1, 1886. The building is now completed, and the endowment secured. A Brooklyn gentleman just returned from Tacoma intends to request a donation of specimens in natural history and books relating to that subject, which will be of service in the college. He says he will find somebody who will present the new college with a telescope. He is a member of the American Astronomical society, and he says the clear skies of Tacoma will make a good telescope twice as valuable there as it would be in the East.

THE GALVESTON FIRE.



B.—Burnt district. 1—Place where fire started. 2—Public buildings. 3—Public square. 4—Market.

THE GALVESTON FIRE.

A Rough Estimate Places the Loss at $1,500,000, with $600,000 Insurance.

GALVESTON, Nov. 13.—3:35 A. M.—A destructive fire is now raging in the eastern part of the city, between 16th and 17th streets. The fire broke out at 1:40 a. m., in a small foundry on the north side of Strand street, near the corner of 16th. The flames rapidly spread under a stiff north wind.

PARTICULARS OF THE FIRE.

About 4 o'clock the fire began to spread to the east and to the west of Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets. The wind rose to a gale, and pandemonium reigned. For a time it seemed as though the entire eastern half of the city was doomed. The fire spread rapidly to the southward, licking up the blocks of elegant residences, lastily abandoned by their inmates. By 5 o'clock it had reached Broadway, which threads the center of the island, running east and west. At 7 o'clock the wind gave signs of dying away, and shortly it began to shift, then to decrease, until by 8 o'clock only a fair breeze was blowing. But by this time the fire had eaten its way to avenue O, where at 9:30 it seemed to exhaust itself, and the firemen coming up worked its further ravages at this point, or with the tariff law, have driven our with the help of the gulf. The burned district embraces 52 blocks, seven of which are not swept entirely clean. It is sixteen blocks in depth, and averages a width of three blocks.

From the house tops the smoking burned district resembles a huge, black half-opened fan, lying across the island from the bay, nearly to the gulf. The island at that point is nineteen blocks, or 1¼ miles wide.

The fire started on the north side of avenue A, better known as the Strand, one block from the bay, and it stopped within two blocks of the gulf. Sixteenth street is nine blocks west of the extreme inhabitable first resident street, being Sixth. From Avenue A to D the fire was confined to the strip bounded on the east by Sixteenth street and on the west by Seventeenth. The business part of the city begins at Twentieth street, and runs west ten blocks. This outline locates the fire which began to spread rapidly after it had passed Avenue D. By the time it reached Avenue J, or Broadway, it was sweeping nearly three blocks in width from the west side of Seventeenth street to the east side of Fourteenth street. About 300 houses were burned, which were occupied by fully 500 families. From Avenue A to E, for four squares, the burned dwellings were occupied almost entirely by the poorer class, and several families were crowded in a single house in the rear. From Avenue E, however, the burned district includes the wealthiest and most fashionable portion of the city. One hundred elegantly furnished mansions are in ruins. Many of these residences had beautiful gardens attached, and the monied loss does not represent over half their value. All manner of estimates are to be heard at this time. The city assessor says the taxable value of the dwellings burned is $684,000. This makes the actual value of the property $1,500,000, which perhaps represents the loss in money. The insurance is estimated at $600,000, although some insurance men who have walked over the district place the insurance at $800,000. So far as can be learned not a single accident occurred. The scenes witnessed during the fire will impress themselves vividly on the imagination for a life time.

The wind rose to a screaming gale in the vicinity of the fire, and swept through the burning belt in terrific whirls, carrying millions of live cinders high up in the air and raining them down a mile distant over the wooden city and its panic-stricken inhabitants. The entire east end of the city scarcely contains a dozen brick dwellings, all the wooden ones being burnt. Five minutes after a house had caught fire it would be wrapped up in one mighty flame.

The alleyways and streets for ten squares on either side of the burning belt were filled with the blanched faces of helpless men, women and children, who could do nothing in such a gale but crouch down for shelter and watch the flames lick up the fruits of a lifetime. Although the victims number many of the wealthiest of the city, whose individual wealth runs up near the millions, yet the great majority of those burned out lose the better portion of their fortunes, or their little all.

Prompt Aid for the Sufferers—Jay Gould's Check for $5,000.

GALVESTON, Nov. 13.—Accurate charts of the burnt districts were completed this evening, showing that the course of the fire was in a southeasterly direction. Beginning at the foot of Sixteenth street, on the Strand, the fire crossed avenues C, D and E. Here it worked its way to the east half of the same block on which stands the post-office and United States court. The flames threatened the postoffice in the most aggressive manner, and the building was hastily cleared of mail matter, and all valuable mails were placed in vaults. Fortunately the flames spared the government building, and passed on toward the gulf. At avenue I the flames reveled in the stateliest mansions of the city.

The business portion of the city was not touched, but in the burnt district were 21 groceries, saloons and small stores. The chief of these are Cross & Co., grocers; A. Werner, tinner; and John A. Hammer, lumber merchant. They lost everything, as did other small stores.

As the fire swept past the county jail, reflecting its fearful glare and intense heat through the grated windows, the 40 imprisoned inmates became nearly frantic with fear. They set up a yell which was heard for squares above the awful roar of the terrible fire. On top of the jail and court house were corps of strong men determined to save the buildings, and by aid of brick walls succeded. The jail was on fire a dozen times, but was saved. All the street cars were hastily run out of the Galveston City railway stables and they were abandoned to their fate, but, as if in mockery at their flight, the fire monster spared the habitation of the humble mule, seeking richer fields.

When the fire started the gale was blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour. At 2 o'clock, the signal service observer estimates that the velocity of the gale in the vicinity of the fire at 60 miles an hour, and this velocity was maintained until 6 o'clock, when the fire showed signs of subsiding and the cyclonic velocity seemed broken. The fire swooped through its path as though it was a gigantic funnel, and for two squares on either side the heat was suffocating. The fire department had become utterly helpless, and the water works gave poor satisfaction.

The total area of the burnt districts is 100 acres. Something over 400 houses were burned, and it is estimated by the relief committee that about 1,000 families were rendered homeless, the great majority of whom (especially the poorer ones) lost everything as the fire started in the poor district they had little or no time in which to move furniture, while the wealthier moved valuable pictures and effects. Several of the finest houses, however, were burned without a single thing being saved, so confident were the occupants that the fire would pass by them.

The total insurance is $980,000, largely in foreign companies.

The meeting at the Cotton Exchange tonight was largely attended by business men, who immediately set about providing relief for the homeless and suffering. A general relief committee of 27 prominent citizens was organized, with W. L. Moody, president of the Stock Exchange, as chairman. A finance committee of five, with Col. St. Clair as chairman, was named. Besides these committees there are subcommittees for the various sections of the burnt districts. Contributions are pouring in from all parts of the city. At the citizens' meeting, at the Cotton Exchange, $16,500 were subscribed by business men. Among the largest subscribers are: Ball, Hutchins & Co., bankers, $1,000; P. J. Willis & Co., wholesale grocers, $1,000; L. & H. Blum, $500; W. L. Moody, $500; J. D. Rogers & Co., $500; Samson & Heidenheimer, $500; Island City Savings bank, $500, and the George Ball charity fund, $1,000. Capt. James B. Eads, the celebrated engineer, telegraphs $1,000 from St. Louis; Kinman & Co., cotton buyers of Houston, send $500. The following telegram was received at 9 o'clock this evening:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 13.

To Hon. Roger L. Fulton, Mayor of Galveston:

I am just in receipt of dispatches with an account of the terrible conflagration that has visited your beautiful city. Please accept my deep sympathy in your misfortune, and I only hope the loss is overestimated. You may draw on me at sight for $5,000, to be used under the direction of a relief committee or otherwise, at your discretion, to relieve the needy. JAY GOULD."

A. A. Fowler, general manager of the Boston *Globe*, telegraphs Mayor Fulton: "What can the people of Boston do for the sufferers and homeless in Galveston? Please answer. We will collect for the public and do our best."

Ford's Mikadoo company, playing here, gave a benefit at Greenwall Opera-house to night, which netted $530 for the sufferers. The city council met in special session and voted a donation of $1,500 for the sufferers, and appointed a committee of three aldermen to act with the citizens' committee in distributing the funds. This makes $31,000 already donated by citizens of Galveston, which, together with outside contributions, swells the amount to $38,000 in one day.

Nearly every one has an estimate as to what the total loss of the great fire foots up. The best posted citizens estimate the loss at fully $2,000,000, while many who claim to have figured put the estimate as high as $2,500,000. Insurance men have been hard at work all day and to-night, completing a list of their policies. So much confusion and uncertainty prevails that the task of locating policies was a difficult one.

UNDISMAYED.

The Galveston *News* says: "The conduct of the people of Galveston, in view of the calamity that overtook them yesterday, cannot be too highly commended. The shock was severe, the test terrible, but Galveston will come out of it undismayed. The loss is great, but not more than Galveston can bear under pressure. The people of the city are now out of their misery, and in this condition they are at their best. Many families are homeless, and some people lost all. It was a great calamity, but there will be no unrelieved suffering; the driving wheel of Galveston's existence is unimpaired, the soul of the city is not disturbed. The busy marts of commerce go on as if nothing had happened. The prompt manner in which citizens assembled to make provision for the less favorised and distressed shows the spirit that animates the city. Galveston is equal to the emergency —would be equal to an emergency much greater than it is confronted with at present. She will be as beautiful as ever in a few months, and is doing business at the old stand."

THE BURNED DISTRICT.

The area burned over represents no such part of the city as one would suppose, knowing that Galveston has only 25,000 inhabitants. It is a sprawling city of wide streets, low, spreading buildings, and large dooryards, and covers an amount of territory out of all proportion to its population. Besides the blocks between the streets are small, the usual size being about 300 feet long and 260 feet wide. The residence quarter of the city, in which the fire started, is built almost wholly of wood, and this makes the loss less than if it had been built of brick and stone.

Frightful Wreck—Supposed to be the Work of Miscreants to Wreck and Rob the Train.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 12.—A frightful wreck occurred at the Blue Stone Quarry, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, at 7 a. m. Train No. 12, the through express from Baltimore to Pittsburg, consisting of a sleeper, two coaches, two baggage and one express car, ran into a misplaced switch, and was completely wrecked. The sleeper rolled over the embankment into the Youghiogheny river. The other cars were upset, and the whole train was detached from the engine. Sixteen persons were injured, but none were killed outright.

The accident disarranged the telegraph wires, and it was after 10 o'clock before the following particulars of the accident were received: The express was about fifteen minutes late when it reached the place where the wreck occurred. At Blue Stone Quarry the track makes a sharp curve around the river, a short distance back from the banks. There is a switch at the commencement of the curve. Whether some one had left the switch partly open or not, is not yet ascertained. The officials of the road say that it was tampered with, evidently with an object in view of causing a wreck. Had the switch been opened the train would have gone into it all right, and could have been stopped before any damage had been done. As it was, the train could go on neither track. The result was that the engine dashed along the ties, tearing up the track and causing the coaches and sleeper to break loose and dash on over the embankment in the wildest confusion.

The sleeper rolled over and over, and stopped with its side lying in the bed of the river, 30 feet below. The two passenger coaches stopped at the water's edge. The baggage car went into the water. There were many passengers on board.

The scene that followed was one that beggars description. The cries of the injured and maimed were heard from every car. Frightened passengers sprang from windows and struggled with each other to escape from the rolling cars; wails of pain were heard from some who had been caught and held within the wreck. Those who escaped without injury were too startled for a time to render assistance. Then they began the rescue. A messenger was sent to Connellsville for medical assistance, and in a short time a corps of physicians was sent up on a special train.

After dressing the wounds of the injured, they were removed to the hotels at Connellsville, where they received every attention that could be given them by the railroad company. The wreck raised great excitement in Connellsville, and for hours afterward the people hurried to the scene of the accident. The track was blocked and torn up so badly that no trains got through until this afternoon.

Gen. McClellan's Will.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—The will of Gen. McClellan was filed to-day in the surrogate's office. It is dated January 18, 1873. After providing for the payment of all his debts and funeral expenses, he bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, Ellen Marcy McClellan; on the death of his wife he directs that all his estate be divided between his two children, George B. and Mary M., share and share alike; his military accoutrements he also leaves to his son, and the sword that was presented to him by the city of Philadelphia he leaves to his daughter. He appoints Wm. C. Prime, of this city, his literary executor, to make such uses as he deems best of such papers as the decedent may have.

Gen. Grant and the "Johnnie Reb."

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 13.—The *Evening Times* of this city contains the following novel editorial proposition: "Seeing that the people for whom he fought have virtually refused to erect a monument to the memory of Grant, suppose the citizens of the South, against whom he fought, only to protect and defend them in the hour of defeat and sorrow, each put her hand in her purse and contribute the money to build a pile to the memory of the hero whose bosom contained a heart that felt for her woes. The *Times* will freely contribute to such a fund. Let's hear from the boys who wore the gray, and if the thing is feasible, then let's take steps to set it properly on foot. What say you, Johnnie Rebs?"

Notice to Leave.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., Nov. 14.—The Chinese engaged as laundrymen and wood cutters at LORENZO, were last night given 24 hours' notice to leave, and are to-day packing up preparatory to leaving that part of the country. No violence was used, and the Chinamen agreed to go without further protest.

THE NATIONAL CAPTAL.

Postal Affairs.

First Assistant Postmaster Gen. A. E. Stevenson has submitted to the postmaster general his annual report upon the operations of his bureau for the fiscal year which ended June 30. From the report it appears that the number of postoffices established during the year was 2,121, and the number discontinued 886, making the whole number of postoffices at the end of the fiscal year 51,252. This is a net increase of 1,235 during the year. The number of offices subject to appointments by the President was 2,333, and the number subject to appointment by the Postmaster General was 49,019. The whole number of appointments during the year was 11,203, made up as follows: On resignations and commissions expired, 6,304; removals and suspensions, 810; changes of names and sites, 207; deaths of postmasters, 419; establishment of new offices, 2,321. The report recommends that the free delivery be extended so as to embrace places of 10,000 inhabitants having a gross revenue of $10,000.

The Telephone Suits.

The hearing in the telephone cases was resumed before the secretary of the interior to-day. Mr. Gaskill, for the citizens of Memphis, read a long list of the affidavits and authorities that he intended to put in evidence as tending to show that Bell was the original inventor of the telephone. Among the papers was a communication from Act. Atty. Gen. Goode, expressing the opinion that Reiss was the inventor of the telephone, and that Bell's patent had been irregularly issued, justifying in his opinion, the beginning of the suit by the United States to set it aside. A number of telephone models, originals and reproductions, were next produced, and their mode of operation described by an expert. A number of affidavits made by inventors and experts were read at length, including one by Edison, wherein he states that his carbon telephone is now used altogether by the Bell company; that he had never heard of Bell's experiment when he (Edison) invented his telephone, but had read an account of Reis's investigations.

Sec. Lamar's Ideas About the Noble Red Man.

The Mohawk Indian conference committee, after leaving the White House, proceeded to the Interior department, where they had a long interview with Sec. Lamar, and, through their chairman, presented to him a written statement of the views of the conference. In reply to a short address by Gen. Fisk, Sec. Lamar said he would, in his forthcoming annual report, acknowledge his obligations to the philanthropic and benevolent associations and individuals in the work he had to carry on. The ultimate object was the civilization of the Indian. A crisis had been reached in the history of that interesting race that must be met by some methods different from those hitherto pursued. His own knowledge of the Indian's wants was as yet too limited to make him competent to formulate a general policy adapted to the present and the exigencies of the future.

his new belief. In answer to the question of a reporter he said: "I cannot tell you what theosopy is, and worse than that I cannot give you the reasons for my secrecy. I am conscious that this must be very unsatisfactory and seem silly, yet if you understood theosophy you would appreciate my position. I am pretty well known here as a scientist, sufficiently so, I trust, to relieve me of the suspicion of being a humbug, or yet a fool. I have devoted my whole life to the study of science and philosophy, and in all my researches I have been skeptible to the extreme, never accepting anything as true until I could prove it by scientific tests. I have made a scientific study of the same and have absolutely proven its existence. Our faith is purely scientific. You ask me why this secrecy. There are many reasons for it, but this alone is enough. If everybody knew what Mr. Jones and I do the social organism of the world would be thrown into chaos."

Too Much Red Tape.

A new system of timing the appearance of every treasury clerk went into effect Friday morning. Persons were detached to stand at the doors of the building, and there challenge every one who approached, and after obtaining his or her name, locality and the time. There are many hundred clerks employed in the treasury, and as the door tenders did not know them all, they challenged and hindered many people who visited the department on business, sometimes holding in waiting a large throng of people. The red tape which is wound around the Jeffersonian simplicity of the present administration is becoming a costly article.

The Telephone Case

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The hearing in the telephone case was resumed yesterday. At the request of Mr. Young, the secretary decided to allow each side an extension of time in which to close their arguments. Mr. Humphrey stated that Welch was connected with the Bell company. Mr. Dickerson denied that statement, and added that Welch was one of the agents of the company. Mr. Goodwin deposed in his affidavit that the Bell representatives mentioned the sum of $1,000,000. Mr. Storrow inquired if the gentleman had any evidence that Welch represented the Bell company, and Mr. Humphrey said they would produce the evidence. Prof. Gray then read an answer to the affidavit of Mr. Baldwin on Saturday. He said it seemed proper for him (Prof Gray) to explain his apparent inaction in regard to the caveat as shown in the correspondence submitted by Mr. Baldwin. He declared that he had had the fullest confidence in his counsel's integrity and ability, and had acted entirely upon his advice in refraining from contesting Bell's application. It appeared now that he was mistaken. He declared that Bell's invention as set out in his specifications was inoperative and that no one in the condition of electrical scientists at that day could have made the instrument speak. The arguments were finished, and the hearing adjourned. The counsel were given ten days in which to file their briefs.

Railroad Cases.

The United States Supreme court rendered its decision in the Kentucky violated tax cases. They were three in number, brought by the state against the New Orleans & Texas Pacific, the Louisville & Nashville, and the Chesapeake & Ohio railroads to recover taxes levied by the state. The decision of the lower courts was in favor of the state, which the Supreme court now affirms.

The Monitors—New Vessels.

Chief Naval Constructor Wilson, in his annual report, estimates for completing the four double turreted monitors as follows: For the Puritan, $595,342; the Terror, $627,888; for the Amphitrite, $629,588, and for the Monadnock, $701,842. He also asks for $5,000,000 for building the hulls of new steel vessels. He submits his views with regard to the dimensions and character of the new vessels, which he recommends shall consist of one of 2,000 tons, one of 2,400 tons, one of 5,000, one of 7,000 tons and two of 9,000 tons displacement.

Pacific Railroads.

The report of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commissioner of railroads, has been in the hands of the President for several days. Gen. Johnston, it is said, favors a scheme to refund the debt of the Pacific railways upon the general plan of either the Hoar bill or the bill reported at the last Congress from the Senate Judiciary committee.

The Chinese minister in this city knows nothing whatever of Baron De Lorme, who is in New York negotiating for the construction of railroads in China, and the consulars in that city are unable to say as to who should come to this country on such a mission without bringing at least a letter of introduction to him.

Notes.

Miss Cleveland has returned. She has not been engaged in literary pursuits, as has been so frequently asserted this summer. She has simply been spending the summer quietly at her home in Oneida county, N. Y., and returns much refreshed to resume the social duties at the White House. Mrs. Hoyt is still here. It is not known how much longer she will remain, but it is probable she will soon leave for her home.

It is understood that the President has made considerable progress with his annual message to Congress. Parts of it, it is said, have been copied on a type writer and revised, and in the main it will be ready for the printer in a week or ten days' time. Commercial relations with foreign countries, the steamship subsidy question and new vessels for the navy are questions to which considerable space in it will be devoted.

RESURRECTION.

A Young Man's Life Saved by Medical Students, After Being Buried.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 10.—About fourteen months ago Joseph Dyer, aged 20 years, of Cape Elizabeth, was thrown from a wagon, and was killed. He was buried, supposed. The body was interred in Evergreen cemetery. A short time ago his parents were warned that he was alive and well, and would soon be home. The coffin was exhumed, and when it was about being carried at the Dyer residence, young Dyer walked into the house and said, "Don't open it, for here I am." His appearance, as may well be supposed, caused an exciting scene. It is said that the body was taken from the tomb for the purpose of dissection, found Dyer alive, and treated him until he thoroughly recovered. The young man remembers nothing of what took place while in the doctors' hands.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 11.—With regard to the Cape Elizabeth resurrection case, reported in yesterday's dispatches, negative particulars have been learned, although strenuous efforts have been made to trace young Dyer's parents. The family did live in Cape Elizabeth, but are now said to be in Beering, some miles from this city. The story of young Dyer's resurrection comes from Blanche Edwards, a domestic employed by Harry Brown, an artist on Danforth street. She affirms the truth of the story in every particular. She says that she attended the funeral in September, 1884; saw Dyer in his coffin; went in the procession to the grave in Evergreen cemetery. Last did not see the coffin put in the grave. She wore mourning for the deceased until two weeks ago, when friends told her that Dyer was coming back. She was told that Dyer's mother had taken off her mourning. Friday night the parents went secretly to the cemetery, dug up the coffin, and took it home. They proceeded to open the coffin, and found nothing in it. Dyer appeared at the door, and was greeted with raptures by his parents. Dyer came to see Blanche Saturday night, with his parents. He did not know her at first, and appeared strange. Mr. Brown's family saw the young man and corroborated Blanche as far as they knew. On Monday, Blanche says, young Dyer, with two young doctors, came to see Blanche. Dyer said to the doctors: "You tell her all about it." The doctors then told her that they had Dyer under their care for several months, and cured him. One doctor was a friend of the family, and was at the funeral. He said that he was impressed that Dyer was not dead, and after the funeral dug open the grave, took the body and worked on it, and after a long time found faint signs of life. She says the doctors' names are Harmon, of Albany, N. Y., and Foster, of New York. Blanche has a sister who works at the home for aged men in this city, who corroborates the story in every particular. The whole truth cannot be learned until Dyer himself and his parents are found, and it is impossible to reach them at present.

The "Mind Cure" People.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—The rapid growth of the Christian scientists, or as they are better known as the "mind cure" people, is astonishing. For two years they have met at Hawthorne hall under the ministry of Mrs. Mary O. Ceily. Now they fit Chickering hall and will soon build on Huntington avenue. For the erection of this building $100,000 has already been subscribed. The new class at the metaphysical college is as large as can be accommodated, and children clergymen and several prominent people.

Lacerated by a Hog.

ATCO, N. J., Nov. 11.—A ten-year-old son of Jacob Schenback, of Jacques Bridge, a German settlement near Atco, was frightfully torn by a hog which he was feeding. The lad was walking backwards from the animal when he stumbled and fell, and the hog jumped on him, lacerating the boy's face and breast and mangled his limbs with his tusks. The screams of the lad brought his father just in time to save his son's life.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Canada.

RIEL HANGED.

REGINA, N. W. T., Nov. 16.—Louis David Riel was executed on the scaffold at the barracks of the mounted police force, near this city, for high treason against the Queen of Great Britain, at 8:33 o'clock this morning, mountain time.

No one was permitted to enter the guard room until 8:12 o'clock. The scene presented then was that of Riel on the scaffold, with Pere Andre and father McWilliams with him, celebrating mass. Riel was on his bended knee, wearing a loose woolen surtout, gray trousers and a woolen shirt. On his feet were moccasins, the only feature of his dress that partook of the Indian that was in him. He received the motion to proceed to the scaffold in the same composed manner shown the preceding night, on receiving the warning of his fate. His face was full of color, and he appeared to have complete self-possession, responding to the service in a clear tone.

The prisoner decided only a moment before starting for the scaffold not to make a speech. This was owing to the earnest solicitation of both the priests attending him. He displayed an inclination at the last moment to make an address, but Pere Andre reminded him of his promise, and he then arose and walked toward the executioner, repeating his prayer to the last moment, the last words escaping him being "Merci, Jesu." He died without a struggle. Not to exceed twenty persons were permitted within the confines of the barracks during the execution, and it was certainly performed with decorum and dispatch. His body was taken in charge of by the coroner, and the verdict usual to all state executions was rendered.

Riel has been confined in the guard-room of the Canadian mounted police barracks, whose headquarters post is located on the open prairie, three miles west of this city, ever since the conclusion of his trial here in the month of July. His trial and sentence occurred at this city, which is the capital of the vast territory stretching north as far as Alaska, west to British Columbia, and known as the Northwest territory. The territorial council meets here, and it is likewise the official residence of the resident lieutenant governor and other high appointive Dominion officials.

The leader of the Metis, or half-breeds, in their two revolts against the authorities of the Canadian government, has been kept under the closest surveillance by a force of mounted police stationed here. The latter are a very showy body of mounted troops, wearing the scarlet jackets, blue trousers and fur caps of the English dragoons.

Ever since the denial of the Imperial Council of Great Britain to grant an appeal on behalf of Riel to overturn the verdict rendered against him, the espionage has been more strict than ever, both to guard against the escape of their state prisoner, and to prevent any attempt at rescue, which might be made by his countrymen in Canada or over the American border. Nine men were detailed for this duty Saturday night, and last night even this number was increased, Videttes occupying commanding points a mile from the barracks, and a double cordon about the camp proper. The prison of Riel is a long, wooden structure, one story in height, with a long slanting roof and small windows under the eaves grated with iron. The two reliefs of the guard occupied the rooms in the front portion of the building, while six sentinels pace up and down continuously outside of the structure. Another sentinel paced in front of the cell of the condemned halfbreed, and the precaution extended so far that the officer of the guard was compelled to visit and certify that he had visited his prisoner each quarter of an hour. Never was any one more jealously guarded, and possibly never was captive during the full period of his imprisonment less in need of watchmen in his outward department. Whatever his character may have been in the field as a martial leader of his countrymen, in prison he has fallen little short of a *religieuse*. His time has been devoted assiduously to prayer, and even when given the constitutional on the open ground adjoining the guard-room for an hour each morning, he has paced back and forth with his hands clasped together in front, his head bowed with prayers issuing from his lips, voiced in either the French or the Indian Cree tongue. Soon after his capture by the Canadian troops, he professed to throw off his allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, and took up the gauntlet of a crude, chiaring visions and foretelling events. Latterly, as his fate seemed more surely sealed, he has sought the comfort again of his original faith, and his constant and almost only companion for the past two weeks has been Pere Andre, from Fort Albert, close to the scene of the recent rebellion. The churchman's visits have been twice daily, and in his absence Riel was frequently kneeling at his bench in prayer. His leading idea of his time has been spent in writing out predictions of the future and defence of his conduct in leading the halfbreeds twice to war. These papers have been entrusted to Pere Andre, and will doubtless be produced at some time in the future, although the prelate refuses to surrender them now.

No one, no matter what his credentials, was permitted to pass through the guard-room to see the prisoner in his cell, and the immediate friends of the condemned man, even, did not see him, though no restriction was placed upon them. He received a few days ago a letter from his aged mother, which affected him visibly, but at no other time during his confinement did he show any signs of that weakness which was imputed to him after his capture by Canadian scouts.

The strict privacy of the prisoner was broken down for the first time yesterday, when the representative of the Associated Press was permitted to visit the prisoner in the company of the high sheriff and commandant of the mounted police. This was on the occasion of the formal announcement that his death warrant had arrived. The colloquy which ensued was published in last night's dispatches. The charm of the rebel's manner was undeniable. He anticipated what the sheriff would say in his own greeting: "Well, you have come with the great announcement. I am glad."

He spoke slowly, but very distinctly, looking at the sheriff with resolute eye and without a tinge of braggadocio. He rallied the sheriff when the latter suggested that he should not speak too long. "You think I will speak too long; that I will be unnerved. Oh! no, at the last moment I will be firm."

There was a trace of the French patois in his accent, which did not lessen the charm of his speech. His beard was a dark brown, neatly trimmed, and his hair was brushed back from his high forehead with a tendency to curl in contrast to the straight hair of his Indian progenitors. His nose was slightly Roman and his skin dark, but not swarthy. Looking at him and witnessing his manner, it was easy to discern the influence he had with his people. His address was that of the skilled courtier, and his college training had never deserted him in the perfection and grace of his speech, all the more remarkable in contrast with that of his followers. While it has been charged that he showed a lack of spirit in the battle-field, even in the presence of danger, his manner in the court room in witnessing the nonchalance of his bearing and the suavity of speech in acknowledging the fiat of his doom. The stoicism lent by the savage strain in his blood, it would be conceded, stood by him well as he made his final plea that he was urged in his career by the motive of a patriot. "I have only this, (striking his breast), to leave, and this I tendered to my country fifteen years ago, and am willing to give it now."

Beyond the prelate who visited him it was the fate of Riel that there were none of his former companions, either from the political or personal field, that found their way to his cell, and beyond the announcement of the results of the various stages of his trial he had no knowledge of the passing events or of the close he passed in his career. His concluding hours were passed in the sole company of his spiritual adviser, who prepared masses for him during the early portion of the night. Riel then laid down and appeared to sleep soundly, awakening at an early hour and again resuming his devotions.

REGINA, Nov. 16.—When Riel was about to take his place on the trap, the deputy sheriff asked if he had anything to say. He turned to his confessor, Pere Andre, and inquired: "Shall I not say a few words?" "No," quickly replied the priest, in French; "make this your last sacrifice, and you will be rewarded." Riel turned and remarked in English: "I have nothing more to say."

There was some delay in adjusting the noose, but Riel did not remark upon it, and as the white cap closed over him, he was heard distinctly repeating his prayers. During the night Pere Andre urged upon Riel not to attempt an address upon the scaffold, and suggested that a reprieve might still be on its way; but this idea Riel strenuously repelled. He said he knew his hour had come, and that he was not only prepared, but that he would not have it any other way, as nothing but the alternative of prison for life awaited him, and to him death was perferable to that. During the night he addressed a letter to his mother and to his sister, which touched upon the affection he bore them. He added a codicile to his will, specifying that he desired his body to be laid by the side of his father, in St. Boniface cemetery, Winnipeg, which request will be carried out. Pere Andre will go there with Riel's remains within a few days. His body was interred to-day under the scaffold.

The execution of Riel is to be followed at Battleford by the hanging of ten Indian chiefs for atrocities committed during the recent rebellion, and in each case for murders committed. This will close the book of criminal procedure growing out of the Northwest war, as other persons convicted were for prison sentences, all of which are now being served out. The executioner of Riel was Jack Henderson, who was a captive of Riel's in the first rebellion of 1870.

Rev. Mr. McWilliams, who assisted Father Andre in his attendance upon Riel during his last hours, and who was a classmate of the rebel at Montreal college in 1860, is firm in the belief that Riel was insane. In this belief he addressed a letter last Monday to the governor general of Canada, citing his firom conviction, and saying that while he believed Riel a dangerous person and one who should be confined for life, according to his belief if the sentence of death was carried out, his blood would be upon the head of His Excellency, Lord Lansdown, and his immediate advisors. He addressed a similar letter to Sir John A. McDonald, prime minister of Canada.

QUEBEC, Nov. 16.—The excitement here over the execution of Riel is intense. When the news was received that Riel had paid the last penalty; many a French Canadian was seen to wipe tear drops from his eyes.

QUEBEC, Nov. 16.—The flag of the *Canadian* office was placed at half mast to-day, on account of the execution of Riel. Many citizens wear emblems of mourning on the streets. There has been considerable feeling manifested, but no trouble so far. A mass meeting was called to denounce the "murder" of Riel. Battery and other soldiers on guard duty at the citadel have not been allowed out all day, and are held in readiness for any emergency. Three scaffolds have been erected in the streets, and effigies are to be hoisted and burned, and each mock execution is to be accompanied by a stirring national speech, which will undoubtedly stir the already kindled enthusiasm of the populace and cause a riot. A meeting of the St. Jean Baptist society was held this afternoon. A resolution passed ordering the president to have their national flag draped in mourning, and placed at half-mast for eight days. It is stated that Mr. Morrissette, who was to have been married this morning, postponed his marriage on account of the execution of Riel. For this he is loudly applauded by some of the French evening papers. The French citizens residing in John suburbs have decided to close their houses and business establishments and attend church en masse and sing solemn service for the repose of Riel's soul. *L'Electeur*, a liberal organ, appears to night draped in mourning, and all its articles are most stirring. All its columns are devoted to the Riel matter, and it calls on the French Canadians not to forget the "martyr" who was murdered for the French cause.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 17.—Jackson, Riel's lieutenant, who had been confined in a lunetic asylum, escaped across the line, and wrote a letter to his sister from St. Vincent, asking her to write to Sir John MacDonald, begging him to shoot him (Jackson) and spare Riel. His escape was not discovered until to-day.

Great Britain.

GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at Edinburgh, said the Tories had circulated gratuitous untruths about himself, which mode of warfare the Liberals never indulged in. He thought most of the respectable Tories disapproved it. One untruth was that he possessed a large quantity of land in Russia; another was that he felled trees on Sundays. He recounted other untruths, uttered about him, one of which was that he opposed the household franchise. The fact was he advocated an extension of the suffrage.

Mr. Gladstone then referred to the question of disestablishment of the church. He was not aware of any intention to make disestablishment a test question. He was confident it had been made a test question by Tory influence. The Tories knew that the raising of the question would be a most grave and heavy matter.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The *Times*, commenting on the anti-Chinese crusade on the Pacific coast of the United States, says: "If Chinese immigration into the United States was thoroughly blocked for a period, the Chinese might meet with favorable opportunities at home, and their immigration into the United States be altogether diverted. The attempt to turn back the tide of foreign colored labor by the means resorted to by the mobs in the western part of the United States is odious, and the injustice done the Chinamen in the recent attacks on them is an act of spoliation committed against the world at large."

DESPERATE MOONLIGHTERS.

TRALEE, Nov. 14.—A band of moonlighters last evening attacked the house of a man named Curtin, and during the melee Curtin shot one of the moonlighters. The latter then retired, but returned in a short time and renewed the attack. They captured the house, shot Curtin dead, and wounded a servant named Sullivan. Eight men have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder and outrage. Curtin was a man of good social position. The dead moonlighter has been identified as the son of a widow holding a small farm near the Curtins. The sons of Curtin fought bravely, and tore the masks from a number of the assailants' faces, which enabled the former to identify several of the latter. The moonlighters were in search of arms.

The Eastern Question.

WAR DECLARED.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Servia has declared war against Bulgaria.

A dispatch from Belgrade says it is officially announced that the Bulgarians, having attacked the Servians at Vesima, King Milan accepts the act as a declaration of war. Peace, therefore, ended this 6 o'clock this morning. King Milan has assumed command of the Servian army, and active operations will be begun at once.

LATER—The Servian army has commenced moving forward, and an advance on Sofia is anticipated. The troops display much enthusiasm.

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

BELGRADE, Nov. 16.—After desperate fighting yesterday, the Servian troops occupied positions at Raptcha. The losses on both sides were heavy. This victory enabled the Servians to turn the very difficult and rocky gorge of Dragoman Pass, and the Bulgarians, after a gallant resistance, retreated to Slivnitza, where an important engagement is expected to take place to-day, which will probably decide the fate of Sofia.

[The direct road to Sofia passes through Tzaribrod and Dragoman, but another runs by way of Tren, and turns both defiles of Tzaribrod and Dragoman, reaching Sofia by way of Brasnik. It was probably on the latter road the fight of yesterday took place.]

A BRILLIANT CHARGE.

BELGRADE, Nov. 16.—Col. D'Jukritch commanding the Timok division, drove the Bulgarians from the entrenchments at Kiela and captured 150 prisoners. The total Servian loss is two officers and 50 men killed and 200 wounded.

An official report from Col. Benecky, says: "After a brilliant charge, the Servians carried four Bulgarian redoubts beyond Tsaribred. Col. D'Jukritch, with the Timok division, has taken Kiela. The Servian troops continue advancing everywhere and have captured 400 prisoners. The Servians have lost 200 wounded and 50 killed. A great battle is now being fought in the direction of Dragoman."

[The latter probably refers to the fight at Reftchin, reported in previous press dispatches.]

SERVIA AND BULGARIA.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—Six battalions of Servian infantry, two batteries of artillery and two squadrons of cavalry to-day attacked two battalions of regular and irregular Bulgarian troops. The Bulgarians lost 54 killed and wounded.

The Servian troops, under Col. Michkovitch, have occupied Tsaribrod, sustaining small loss. Fifty Bulgarians were captured and sent to the fortress at Belgrade.

The various forces of Servia are as follows: Field army 60,288 men, with 264 guns; reserve formations 13,856 men, with 84 guns; reserve army or Landwher 42,280 men, with 120 guns; Landstrum 45,000 men, or a total of 170,412 officers and men and 448 guns. The infantry are armed with the Manser rifle, improved by Major Mecovanovitch, which is of a calibre of 10 15 millimetres. The artillery is variously armed with muzzle loaders and Krupp guns. The total cavalry force, included in the above, numbers 4,600 men.

The Bulgarian field army consists of 24,000 infantry, 1,400 cavalry, two regiments and one company of artillery, 2,540 men; a battalion of engineers, 880 men; a detachment of trains, 2,000 men, and a force of gendarmeried, 1,000 men, or a total force of 31,220 men, with 104 guns. The infantry is armed with Berdan rifles, and the batteries have Krupp guns and guns of the latest Russian pattern. The reserve force consists of 24,000 men. There are also twelve battalions of Landstrum of 600 men each, or 7,200 men, making a total of 60,000 men.

There is no want of arms, but there is scarcely a sufficient force of cavalry and artillery. The cavalry numbers 1,500 men. The scarcity of officers since many of the Russian officers returned home, is also a serious matter. Prince Alexander is an able and energetic soldier.

THE ROUMELIAN ARMY.

The Eastern Roumelian army comprises 18,224 men of the first levy, 19,187 of the second, 28,197 of the reserve, and 3,442 men of the active reserve, making a total of 64,030 men.

The number of officers available is altogether out of proportion to the number of men. There is no scarcity of arms, as there are about 80,000 Kruka, 7,000 Berdan and 9,000 Martini-Henry rifles in the province. The artillery consists of four guns. The Bulgarian arsenals at Rustchuk and Rasgrad contains a good supply of arms, uniforms and equipments. The arsenal at Rustchuk is turning out 60,000 Berdan cartridges per day, in addition to ammunition for artillery.

ONLY SKIN-DEEP.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The *Times'* Belgrade correspondent says: "The proclamation of King Milan issued on Saturday, setting forth Servia's grievances and declaring war against Bulgaria, does not touch the true chord of the national feeling in Servia. The nation does not share in the King's resentment against Bulgaria, and the ill will of the Servians against Bulgaria is only skin-deep."

THE GREEKS.

ATHENS, Nov. 16.—The Greek government has contracted for 60 Matrialleus and Nordenfeldt gun, and 130,000 rounds of ammunition, at a cost of $160,000. The government has also contracted with the National bank for a loan of $380,000.

BULGARIANS DEFEATED.

BELGRADE, Nov. 17.—Gen. Topalovitch, with the Moravo division, had a desperate battle with the Bulgarians at Tru, and the latter were totally defeated. The Servians fought with great gallantry, and captured two guns and many prisoners. Three battalions of Bulgarians surrendered.

A battalion of Bulgarian volunteers stationed at a point on the Timok river capitulated, without firing a gun, to Col. Djukitch, commanding the Servian Timok division. The Bulgarians yesterday evacuated their fortified position at Dragoman, which the Servians attacked on Sunday.

Details of the capture of Dragoman Pass by the Servians, show that the Drina and Sumnadga divisions under Cols. Michkovitch and Benecky were engaged, and attacked the Bulgarians in force, completely routing them. Hordes of Bulgarians laid down their arms, being panic-stricken. Several guns were captured and the pass abandoned.

KING MILAN REPULSED.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—It is reported that King Milan, at the head of a body of his troops, attempted to attack the Bulgarian rear, but was met and repulsed by a force under Prince Alexander.

A CRUSHING DEFEAT.

BELGRADE, Nov. 17.—The Servian division marching on Widdin gave battle to the Bulgarians near Widdin, and inflicted upon them a crushing defeat. The loss was heavy on both sides. The Servians captured 1,000 prisoners.

Germany.

PENDLETON PROTESTS.

BERLIN, Nov. 13.—Minister Pendleton has protested to the German government against the expulsion of the German Americans from the Island of Fohr.

The five German-Americans, whose expulsion from the island of Fohr was recently ordered by the German government, were expelled under a law of 1841, which has been revived, and which does not allow foreigners to settle or even to reside temporarily at a place unless the local authorities permit them.

Turkey.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 15.—Believing that the final struggle of the Turkish empire for existence is approaching, Lord Salisbury has telegraphed to Mr. White, the British representative at Constantinople, instructions to assure the Porte that England will do her utmost to preserve the integrity of Turkey.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—Turkey has ordered 20,000 tons of coal at Newcastle, to be delivered in six weeks, and has sent $150,000 to Hungary for the purchase of additional artillery horses.

The Burmese War.

ENGLAND DECLARES WAR.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—A cabinet council was held at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury yesterday. The reply of King Thebaw to England's ultimatum having been read, the cabinet declared war against Burmah, and a formal declaration of war with the Queen's sanction has been issued. The French government and the Burmese minister resident of Paris have been notified. All foreign subjects remaining in Burmah are required to come into British lines. The British army of invasion is advancing 15,000 strong, the greater portion being on steamers. The first military operations will be the bombardment, by the iron-clad flotilla, of the Minhla forts.

FRENCH OPINION OF THE WAR.

PARIS, Nov. 11.—*La France*, commenting on the reported declaration of war between Burmah and Great Britain, makes a violent attack on the latter power, and says: "The British expedition to Burmah is really aimed at France." It then urges M. De-Freycinet, Minister of foreign affairs, to unite with Russia to stop English territorial aggrandizement.

AFFAIRS AT MANDALY.

RANGOON, Nov. 12.—Advices just received from Mandaly state that the Burmese have detained the steamer which was sent to Mandaly to bring away Europeans, and threaten to burn her if she attempts to leave. The foreigners are not allowed to leave Mandaly.

The British expeditionary force under Gen. Preudergrast will cross the frontier of Burmah on Sunday next. The flotilla is now ready, and comprises 45 steamers, flats and floating batteries, the latter being fitted out from six of the largest barges. Each of the floating batteries carry two 60-pounder howitzers, and are attended by armed launches. Twelve and 25-pounder siege guns are mounted on the steamers. The force numbers 10,000 men, 7,000 camp followers, 500 mules, and two elephant batteries.

THEBAW'S PROCLAMATION.

RAGOON, Nov. 13.—King Thebaw has issued a proclamation declaring he will not accept the absurd proposals of the Indian government, and thereby declaring war. He promises personally to lead his troops, and calls on his subjects to fight for the defense of their country and religion. Europeans are not allowed to land until the invaders cross the frontier, when all are to be slain.

It is stated that the strength of the Burmese standing army is about 10,000 men, which, however, can be considerably increased by irregular and temporary levies. The army is almost altogether lacking in both cavalry and artillery. The constitution of the regular force is somewhat similar to the linked battalion system of the British infantry, two bodies, each 500 strong, being linked into something equivalant to a regiment. The battalion is commanded by a "Bogyi," under whom are officers termed "Blood drinkers." These officers are very deficient in military training. When in the field the Burmese army is rapid in movement and quickly forms entrenchments, excavating holes to obtain shelter, both from the enemy's fire and the weather. Behind these rudely-formed earthworks, and under the impression that their position cannot be turned, the Burmese warrior is decidedly dangerous. He has one advantage over a more civilized foe, inasmuch as he provides his own rations, carrying a supply of rice around his waist, and for other provisions depending on the resources of the country through which he passes Commanding positions on the river banks are already enclosed by stockades and fortified. For use against these a number of heavy guns are being carried. Transportation was provided by the Irriwady Flotilla company, all of whose available steamers and flats were hired by the British government. Under ordinary circumstances steamers make the passage from Rangoon to Mandalay in ten days, distance 502 miles. From Rangoon to Thayetmayo, 240 miles (three days run); from Thayetmayo to Ava 250 miles; Ava to Mandalay 12 miles. The river swarms with native crafts and is navigable only by daylight. For nine miles above Thayetmayo the river is a mile and a half broad, with villages and houses lining the banks of the winding stream. Minula, which contains 5,000 inhabitants, completely commands the river, and until it is taken no advance beyond the town can be made. A fort of modern construction and scientific design occupies a high dominating position overhanging the river, and its well-formed earthworks are tolerably well mounted with guns of modern calibre. Above Minbla the river gradually widens to as much as four miles, but it is very shallow, and the navigable channel is known only to experienced pilots. The navigation of the Irrawaddy river is difficult, owing to the constant changes in the channel, and vessels running between Rangoon and Mandalay change their pilots seventeen times. There are 64 river pilots, most of whom are Chittagongians and can be relied on to aid the expedition.

ON TO MANDALAY.

CALCUTTA, Nov. 13.—Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, has ordered Gen. Prendergast, commander of the Bur nah expeditionary force, to invade Burmah forthwith and proceed with all haste to capture Mandalay. The British forces will now cross the frontier immediately.

Recent dispatches from Rangoon state that the inhabitants of the district in British Burmah, where no large garrisons are maintained, are greatly alarmed over reports that King Thebaw has subsidized 15,000 Dacoits to cross the frontier and begin plundering and murdering at the first note of war. Dacoits are robbers who work in large gangs, and are noted for their bold exploits. Having neither baggage nor a commissariat, these bands travel with marvelous speed, and it will be hard for the British troops to catch them.

SHORT WORK WITH THEBAW.

RANGOON, Nov. 15.—Armed steam launches from the British steamers Rathleen and Irrawaddy have captured King Thebaw's war vessels. The capture was effected under the guns of the Cutterbuck fort, after a sharp fight. One British officer was wounded.

RANGOON, Nov. 16.—In the fight with the war vessel belonging to King Thebaw, reported yesterday, the fire from the British caused 200 of the crew of the Burmese vessel to jump overboard. The British then boarded the vessel, and proceeded up the river with her. It is reported that 3,000 troops are stockaded at Fort Kuligon, which occupies a high dominating position overlooking the river at Minhla.

The Caroline Islands.

MADRID, Nov. 16.—The pope has recognized Spain's sovereignty over the Caroline islands, and advises Germany to accept the commercial concession contained in the Spanish note of September 10. The decision, it is said, was presented to Germany and Spain to-day.

Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 12.—Pres. Diaz, accompanied by the ministers of the treasury, public works, and interior, has made a visit of inspection along the route of the proposed sewer for draining the valley of Mexico. The plans involve the construction of a canal from Lake Tezcoco to Lake Zumpango, then the water is to pass through a tunnel five and a half miles long. The estimated expense of the work is $4,000,000. Local sanitary authorities estimate that the drainage of the valley will result in reducing the death rate one-half.

Peru.

PANAMA, Nov. 16.—Civil war still rages in Peru, and is likely to continue for some time, as the government troops give no indication of following the advantages already gained, while Caceres is resting quietly at Janfax. One or two encounters have taken place between the government outposts and a band of regular cavalry commanded by the noted Cuban, Col. Pacheco Cespedes. The commander at Chiela reports that the forces under Cespedes were completely routed in a fight on the 20th ult., their leader wounded and deserted by his men.

From the department of Anachs intelligence of a terrible murder by Indians is received. Col. Emanuel Antonio Grado, cousin of the ex-president of that name, and Maj. Fernandez had been sent to recruit soldiers. They were set upon by Indians at Maria, killed, and their bodies decapitated, the drunken savages fixing their heads on poles and carrying them in triumph through the town.

The particulars of a conflagration at Iquique on the 28th ult. have been received. The flames started in a building in Arturo Prat Square. The side of the square between Calles Anibal Pinto and Patricio Lynch was entirely consumed; and southward from the square to Calle Moquega, and northward to Calle Bolivia. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000; insurance, $375,000, in British companies.

CHINESE MERCHANTS.

Thank Pres. Cleveland for His Proclamation Regarding the Late Outrages.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The Chinese merchants of this city have sent to Pres. Cleveland the following address:

"At a meeting of the Chinese merchants of this city, held November 10, 1885, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: "Whereas many outrages have been committed upon our fellow countrymen in lawless districts by desperate, ignorant and wicked men, it gives us, the Chinese merchants of New York, great and unspeakable pleasure to learn that the President of the United States and the American people has issued an official proclamation to protect our people, redress the wrongs done to the injured, punish the malefactors, and prevent by his great power a repetition of the actions which have caused so much suffering and death.'

"We desire to express our gratitude and to thank the President for his righteous course, his courage and love of justice. We assure him that he has increased our admiration and veneration for his fearlessness and wisdom, and our respect and obedience to all his laws. We also assure him, respectfully, that our countrymen in the United States endeavor to be good, peaceful, honest and law-abiding citizens, and that they are always anxious and eager to obey and enforce the law, and so promote that prosperity and peace which are as dear to them as to the great officers and writers of the land. We instruct our scribes to interpret this into English, and to send the same, with all expressions of our esteem and veneration, to his excellency, the Preside nt.

"Given at our municipal chambers, the fifth day of the ninth moon of the eleventh year of the reign of the Emperor Kwong Suey."

MINE HORROR.

Powder Explosion—Twelve Men Imprisoned, and Supposed to be Lost.

SILVER CLIFF, Col., Nov. 14.—The explosion of a box of granite powder in the boiler room of the Bull Domingo mine last night, set fire to the buildings, and in ten minutes the entire shaft, house and hoisting works burned to the ground. The mine timbers are on fire, and twelve men who are at work on lower lever are in great peril. Hundreds of citizens have gone to the scene of the conflagration, with ropes and other appliances, to attempt the rescue of the imprisoned miners. Supt. H. Foss, superintendent, who was in the building just before the explosion, is now missing.

DENVER, Nov. 15.—A Silver Cliff special to the *News* says: The removal of the dead miners from the Balldomingo mine was begun at 6 o'clock last night, the last being brought to the surface about midnight. Robert McGregor and Tom Armstrong alternated in going down the 500-foot shaft. The rope would be attached by pulleys to let the brave men down. A corpse was bound to the rope, and then the guide stood with his foot in a loop of the rope, with both arms encircling the dead body, and was brought to the surface by a steady pull. The victims were probably suffocated within an hour of the explosion, the corpses being stiff and cold when found, with hats and coats pulled over their faces in a vain struggle for life. Westfall and Laube left short letters, the former to his sister, assigning his insurance in a benevolent society to her and two orphan nieces; the latter wrote to his parents and wife. The caving in of the shaft necessitated the removal of more than fifty feet of debris, hence the delay of thirty hours in the recovery of the bodies. Determined threats of lynching Supt. Foss are indulged in, and no doubt would have been put in effect last night had not prominent citizens gone to the mines and induced the infuriated relatives and friends of the dead to stay their rash intentions until the facts could be settled that Foss deserved such a fate. Coroner Burke called an inquest to-day, swore in a jury, identified the bodies, and adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow.

Montana Sheep.

DEVIL'S LAKE, DAK., Nov. 14.—J. T. Armington will ship 3,500 head of sheep to St. Paul, where they will be wintered or held for a better market. These sheep were sired three months or more ago from Ft. Benton, Montana, and trailed to Devil's Lake, reaching that destination in fine condition. This was an experiment which will be followed up next season, as Armington and his firm have 15,000 head on the range yet.

This pow der never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economica, than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The German citizens of Chicago have laid in Lincoln park the corner-stone of a monument to the poet Schiller.

The body of Mrs. J. W. Taylor, of Louisville, which was interred six years, has been found completely petrified, with every feature life like.

John Smith, a miser of Weston, W. Va., had $1,600 in currency hidden in a hollow log in the woods. In attempting to add to the treasure he found it was gone.

Matthew Smith, of Elroy, Wis., stepped from a railway train at Ashtabula, O., while it was standing on a bridge, fell 100 feet and was instantly killed.

The Richmond (Va.) *Whig*, one of the most noted papers in the country, after having issued regularly for 62 years, is closing out its affairs and preparing to quit publication.

An organization of 300 law-abiding citizens was effected at Seattle, W. T., for the purpose of preserving the peace in that town. They will be divided into three companies and armed with rifles.

The new cremation furnace on Long Island was privately tested Tuesday, the carcass of a sheep being used. The result has not been made public, but it is known that it was not entirely satisfactory.

Col. John A. Sloan, of Baltimore, who commanded